



JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED NET SALE

Vol. XXXVIII No. 1017.

TWOPENCE.

**BORWICK'S
BAKING
POWDER**



**THE BEST IN
THE WORLD**

**MONSTER
"BULLETS"
XMAS
OFFER**
Page 39

OUT WITH THEIR NAMES

BY

"A Gentleman with a Duster"

**CORNS
TENDERNESS
SWELLING**

GET RID OF

**ACHING
CALLOUSES
BURNING**

ALL YOUR



FOOT TROUBLES



YOU have only to dissolve a small handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a hot foot-bath and rest your feet in this for a few minutes. Then Presto! Away go your foot afflictions, almost as if by magic.

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Everpointed Pencil heavily plated, beautifully chased complete with re-fill and clip. The lady's model has a handsome pendant for attaching to chain.

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I enclose this Voucher (which please accept as 1/- in part payment), together with Postal Order for 4/6 (which includes Postage and Insurance).
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ADDRESS

Lady's/Gentleman's pencil. (Cross and model must be stated.)
Pen, medium or broad nib. (If you wish to state not required.)
Your name enclosed in gold or silver box, with the words "JOHN BULL" (If you wish to state not required.)
Your address "JOHN BULL" & Co., and send please to "JOHN BULL."

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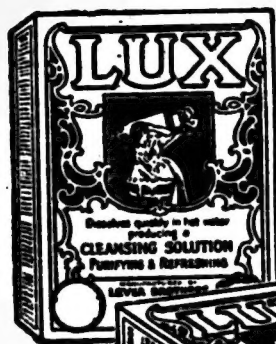
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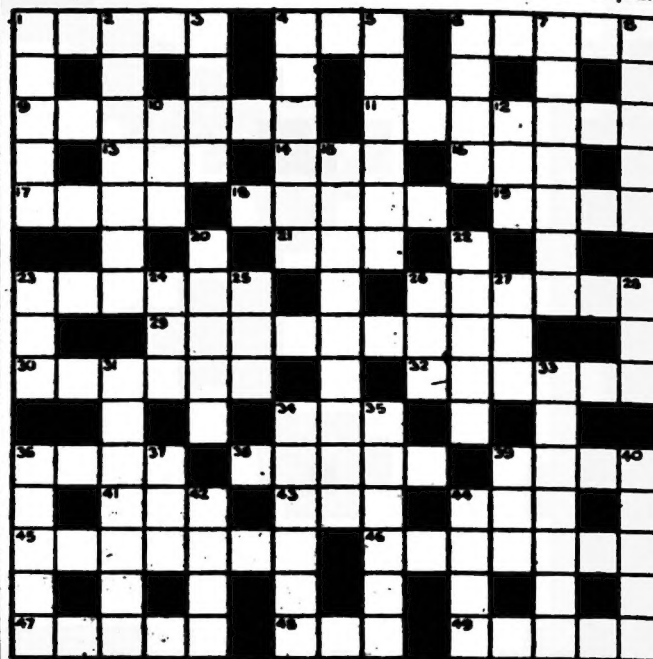
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Our Crossword Corner

Final Feature of the Flat

A FANCIED candidate for the Manchester November Handicap, the last big event of the flat-racing season, run on Saturday, November 24, is concealed in this puzzle. You will get it when you have solved the clues to 29 and 36 across respectively.

(The solution to last week's Cross-word Puzzle will be found on page 7)



DOWN CLUES

1. African plains.
2. Holy day.
3. Bombast.
4. A coarse material.
5. Loss of courage.
6. Achievement.
7. Relating to the coast.
8. A camera.
10. Atmosphere.
12. Wicked.
15. Tool.
20. To bestow.
22. Style.
23. Used for chopping.
24. To be in debt.
25. Terminal.
26. To taste.
27. Period.
28. To go astray.
31. Sharp smell.
33. Fruitful.
34. Swung to and fro.
35. A periodical.
36. Stinging insect.
37. Equipment.
39. To be ill.
40. The finger.
42. Fighting service.
44. Place.

ACROSS CLUES

1. Mask of helmet.
4. Fish.
6. Garment.
9. Mountain in Palestine.
11. Sword sheath.
13. Part of harness.
14. Gusto.
16. Coal by-product.
17. Lacinate.
18. Western river.
19. Short sword.
21. Secret informant.
23. On land.
24. Psychic gathering.
29. Roaming.
30. To lay out.
32. To choose.
34. Stitch.
36. Inhabitant of monastery.
38. Possessor.
39. Paroled.
41. A spirit.
43. Consume.
44. To rest.
45. Relating to food.
46. Famous living author.
47. Entrance.
48. Arid.
49. To entertain.

Another fine Cross-word Puzzle in "The People" on Sunday.

Get it for Christmas Pay for it when the Holiday Season is over.

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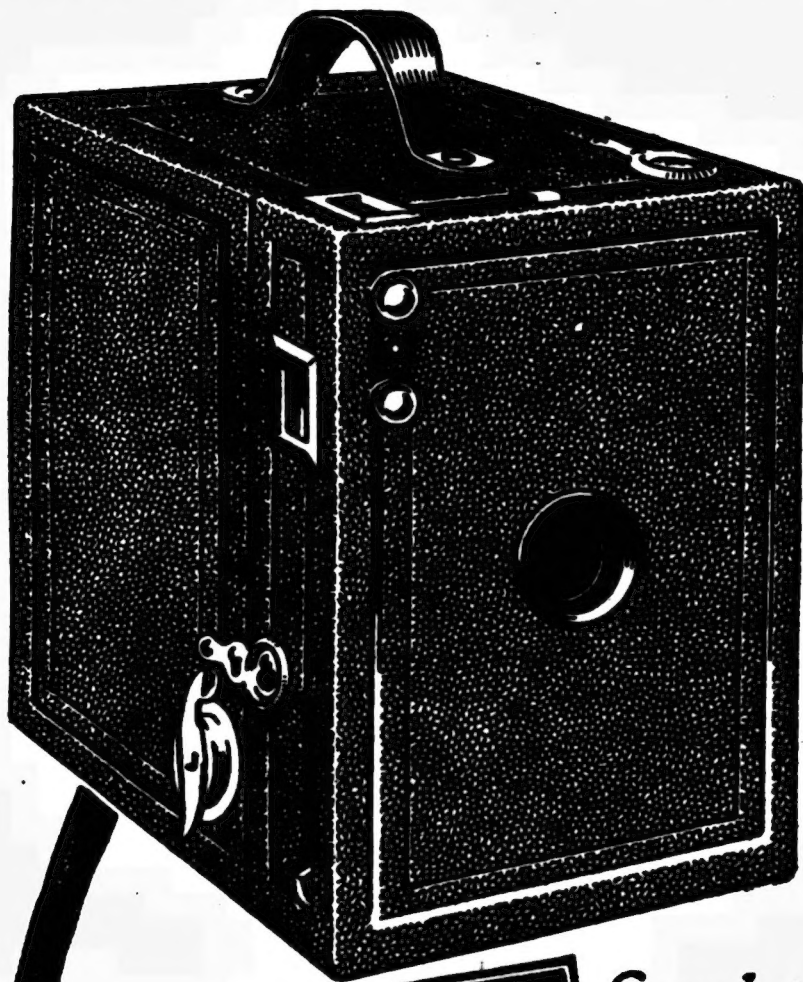
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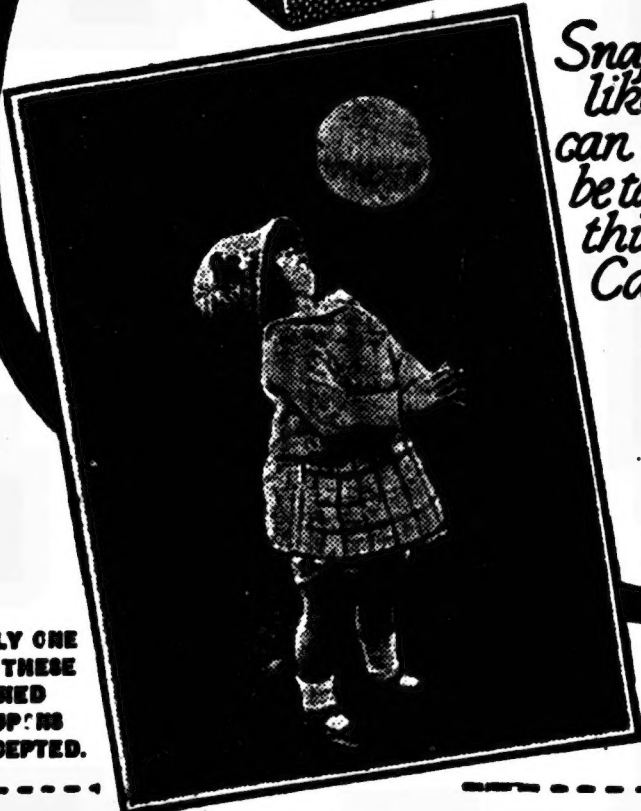
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On Other Pages—

"The Iron Horse"—by Sir Henry Worth Thornton, K.B.E. ...	...	p. 17
Great Doorstep Swindle ...	p. 12	2,000 Home-seekers Duped ... p. 15
A Sunday School Scoundrel ...	p. 13	A Strange Tattoo ... p. 16
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The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Queen—and Mother.

Our Royal Family's grief over Queen Alexandra's death proves how little rank really counts beside the reality of love. The nation lamented the passing of a queen: they mourned a mother.

A Life Well Lived.

Not that her family were alone in their affection. Through her long life, the Sea King's daughter never wearied of well-doing. Her memory is cherished in many a humble home.

Dodging the Opposition.

The mischievousness of a three months' Parliamentary holiday is seen the moment Parliament meets again. There is no time before Christmas to bring the Government to book for half its misdeeds. Doubtless Ministerial strategists foresee this.

Asking for Trouble.

The throttling of the Parliamentary safety-valve never works well, even with a big majority. There will be serious trouble in the House unless both Labour and Liberal Members get their say.

Cold Feet and Cold Hands.

Piffing as is the autumn programme, it would be easy to make time for discussion of matters of real moment—if Ministers cared to face it. Let them put off taxing gloves and gas-mantles until the days are warmer and lighter.

Mark Our Words!

Sir Robert Horne (nominated by the Americans as the next Premier, since he led the British Parliamentary delegation to Washington) will probably take little part in a session bound to be inglorious. But his interventions, when made, will be significant.

Guarding the Dictator.

If Mussolini does not come to London for the signing of the Locarno Pact next week, the friends of Anglo-Italian friendship would be greatly relieved. To safeguard him from hostile demonstrations by his own countrymen weighs on the minds of the British authorities.

Cash Down.

A very welcome visitor from Italy is the Minister of Finance—come to London to negotiate the Italian debt to the British taxpayer. Whatever the settlement, we hope Italy will clinch it (as she did in Washington) by the immediate handing over of a cheque.

Ignorance in a Mess.

The most unhappy man in the Government is Winston Churchill. The Treasury distrusts him. Only a miracle can extricate the country from the financial morass into which he has led it. And he knows it.

Home for Christmas.

The War Office has come to its senses and the evacuation of Cologne begins on December 1. The term of occupation fixed at Versailles ended long ago. Even with *agents-provocateurs* about in plenty there have been no "incidents." It's a feather in the cap of the Britishers.

It's Merely Vulgar.

Russian Ambassadors are accepted in London and as such entitled to courtesy. To allow M. Rakovsky, after two years' residence, to leave without official farewell was more than a blunder. It was rotten bad manners.

A Failure.

The real reason for the return of the Russian Ambassador, M. Krassin, and the transfer of M. Rakovsky is the business inability of the latter. Trade did not come—and so Rakovsky goes.

Baldwin as Santa.

We urge the Prime Minister to present as his Christmas gift to the nation a scheme for ending unemployment. Hearts soften as Yuletide approaches. None but curmudgeons would object to shelving lesser issues until this great human problem is solved.

A Neat Snub.

Although not addicted to ceremoniousness, Mr. Baldwin knows how to preserve his dignity. Writing to the Prime Minister anent his pet Political Levy Bill, that pushful lawyer, Mr. Macquiston, began "My dear Baldwin." "Dear Mr. Macquiston" was how "My dear Baldwin" replied.

Great Minds Think Alike.

Sir Alfred Mond says the State spends a great deal of the taxpayers' money with the minimum result. We've said the same for years. When statesmen take up our words good will result.

Air Ministry's Latest.

Having engaged contractors to remove a well-fitted aerodrome from a site which was promptly turned into ploughed land, the Air Ministry, a week later, changed its mind and is now asking the same firm to tender for the construction of a new aerodrome on the same site. This piece of nonsense looks like costing the taxpayers £250,000.

"Bullets" Xmas Prizes!

£1,500
FIRST PRIZE

and over
2,000
CASH AWARDS
See page 30.

Peopling the Wastes.

When the new iron and coal fields in East Kent are developed, population in the area will increase from 28,000 to 250,000. Strong initiative and imagination are needed to make pleasant towns and prevent the arising of another "Black Country," with soul-destroying environments.

A Strange Decision.

The American cotton crop, estimated at 15,386,000 bales of 500 pounds each, exceeds expectation. Raw cotton having fallen from 1s. 0½d. to 10d. per pound, the Lancashire master spinners promptly recommend curtailed production. Such lunatic economics make us despair of business "brains."

Give it Power!

Fighting bakers fell under the first blows at food prices. The loaf came down. Recovering they hit back, and flour soars. The laugh's with the bakers. The Food Council is fighting with hands tied.

Hope for the Future.

The Federation of British Industries, in a report just issued, declares a new period of trade expansion arriving. It's compiled by men at the centre. They should know.

Facts and Figures.

Board of Trade export returns show distinct improvement. There's brisk enquiry and a better flow of orders. All signs to the good, auguring a prosperous time ahead.

Hundred-year-old Scandal.

Headed by Lord Muir Mackenzie, the deputation to the Home Secretary, urging the reform of the solicitation laws, struck a true note. Public opinion is against the singling out of the woman only for punishment.

Getting Rich Quick.

In Ealing one swede turnip of moderate size costs sixpence. The only comment we feel inclined to make is that it's the silliness of consumers that makes greengrocers rich.

Who Gets Them?

Outsize apples and fat fruit arranged in frontal show in shop windows and on stalls somehow always elude the housewives' basket. This form of dishonesty, along with trick tickets showing deceptive prices, should be made illegal.

Public Control.

The recommendation of the London County Council that persons displaying misleading price tickets should be prosecuted is the right line. Too many purchasers are deceived by the greengrocer's legend "6d. a (1) lb."

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL**The Lamp of Learning.**

Miss Violet Markham's offer of £100 a year for essays by miners is a tribute to her dead brother and her appreciation of the fact that literary talent is all the better for encouragement. The toil-stained miner is often a man of more real culture than the mealy faced minor poet guffing about art at a society woman's dinner-table.

Robbing a V.C.

The meanest souvenir-hunter in England has robbed Lt.-Cmdr. Drummond, V.C., of the signal flags he used at Zeebrugge. The flags were lent to the organisers of a dance at Chalfont St. Peter, and the sneak secured them by collecting them in the name of the V.C. The man who steals honourable trophies from a V.C. is a cad of the lowest type.

Thrift and Theft.

Slate club members should note that according to a recent King's Bench decision thrift societies which are not registered cannot sue for the recovery of sums legally owing to them. On all grounds, it is time that such registration was made compulsory. People who make use of these homely institutions have a right to expect that the law will protect their savings from such a defence.

Telling the Tale.

Walter Atkinson, of Small Heath, c/o H.M. Prisons for a couple of months, is the type of liar who provides powder and shot for those who sit in armchairs and talk of the wickedness of the "dole." Atkinson claimed benefit for a wife and four children; one child was dead and the others were with their mother in the workhouse. We are not sorry for him, but we are for his wife and children eating the bread of poverty.

Reward for Kindness.

The old grandfather of Thomas Higginson, of Melbourne Street, Hanley, not only brought him up, but also spent his whole life's savings to buy him a business, and in his own hour of need was treated with base ingratitude. Higginson sold the business for £400, which he pocketed, his grandfather being left to live on charity for the rest of his life. A desertion so base should make Higginson ashamed of himself.

Police Methods Condemned.

Although an accused man's freedom was at stake, the police at Liverpool allowed his photograph to be picked from their album by witnesses. Moreover, when his case came on at the City sessions, the album was produced for inspection by the jury. We agree with the Lord Chief Justice's condemnation of such methods. The fact that they led to the man's conviction being quashed will no doubt prevent their repetition.

New Ills for Old.

Despite the strides made in surgery since the War, the medical side of the science of healing cannot claim an overwhelming advance in its battle with disease. We welcome the fact that 100 beds are to be set aside at the Northern Hospital, Winchmore Hill, for the treatment of children recovering from sleepy sickness—a disease from which we were immune in this country before the War, and which slays 40 per cent. of those it attacks. New ill must be met by adequate measures.

Fortitude "In Excelsis."

There's something godlike about the average man when he's hard "up against it." He draws upon a reserve of stoical fortitude to an extent which compels admiration. Wherefore we raise our hat to Herbert Potter, a humble miner of Stainforth, who, though terribly injured, with a brake-lever deep in his thigh, calmly issued instructions to those who laboured to extricate him from the debris of his motor-cycle. We would be grateful if some kindly official of the Doncaster Infirmary, where Potter now lies in a serious condition, would convey to him our wishes for his speedy recovery. Such pluck should command luck.

Policemen's Generosity.

The police, as a whole, are a generous crowd, and we should like to congratulate them on the latest example of their readiness to put a hand in their own pockets for the sake of others. At Birmingham, where £1,250 is needed to endow a bed towards the Queen's Hospital Extension Fund, all ranks have agreed to contribute one day's pay for that purpose.

Food Fakers.

For selling as malt vinegar a mixture of acetic acid and water, Hugh Logan, a Ludgate Hill greengrocer, was recently fined £5 at the Mansion House. It can hardly be suggested that this penalty was excessive. Food-faking is a form of cheating which is heavily on the increase, and as long as magistrates are content with light monetary penalties, it will go from bad to worse.

The Oldest Profession.

The Home Secretary is contemplating the appointment of an influential committee to enquire into certain aspects of the age-long problem of prostitution. That the present law relating to solicitation is grossly unfair as between men and women is admitted; while charges of bribery against the police, backed by the strongest evidence, have never been properly sifted. "Jix" is for once on the right scent.

The Wrong Calling.

The qualities of sympathy and patience are essential in those who have care of the mentally afflicted in public institutions. But they were wanting in the case of Jessie McWilliam, of the Garlands Mental Hospital, Cumberland. Simply because two afflicted old women—one seventy and the other sixty-three—persisted in getting out of bed she thrashed them with a stick. Jessie ought to apply herself to some other occupation.

The Human Machine**Four Truths**

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

TRUTH is found in all sorts of strange places. I was passing a shop window the other day when my attention was caught by a placard. On it was a series of cogent sentences that were popular many years ago.

They are well worth while repeating to-day, for in them lies a great deal of wisdom and self-help.

"There is the man who does not know, and who does not know that he does not know. He is a fool—avoid him!

"There is the man who does not know and who knows that he does not know. There is hope here—teach him!

"There is the man who knows but who does not know that he knows. He is asleep—wake him!

"There is the man who knows and who knows that he knows. He is a genius. Watch his prosperity!"

These aphorisms, I think, sum up most of us fairly well. We nearly all fall into one or other of these four types.

I am not going to enlarge on them. Think them over and learn the lessons they teach.

WHAT I do want to say is that they are based on the truth that "knowledge is power." Knowledge, that is, that is backed up by an ability to think and make use of what we know.

Facts are the raw material of thought. It is thought itself that is the most powerful weapon in the world.

A thought has, before now, changed the course of history. A workman who can think is greater than an emperor who cannot.

Wanted by Police.

Eastbourne police hold about a hundred unexecuted warrants for the arrest of wrongdoers, an average of one for every six hundred of the town's inhabitants. If further proof is needed of the urgency of detection method reform the appalling number of criminals at large supplies it. In this country the towns are riddled with them.

Potential Riches.

Mr. F. J. Stephens, F.G.S., president of the Royal Geographical Society of Cornwall, announces a new mining area of virgin richness accidentally discovered near Camborne. With right handling this means that in a district sorely needing it a new and prosperous page of industrial history can be turned. The need is new capital, plus determination and commercial enterprise.

Virus of War.

"The younger generation," says Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., "is being brought up not only to accept the war tradition, but to feel that it has missed a great adventure, and must prepare itself for the next." These words reveal a penetrating insight into the psychology of youth. Also they constitute a terrible indictment of a system of education which omits humanity from its curriculum.

A Tottering Industry.

The making of linen and the spinning of flax is all but a dying industry, thanks largely to the suicidal policy of the powers that be. Raw material has risen to £120 per ton, and is woefully scarce at that. Irish and Scottish factories are practically at a standstill. When will the Government waken to the fact that it is worth making it while for Russia to export to us the raw material of which we stand in so sore need?

Example Worth Following.

If Mr. Percy Proctor's soup is as good as his heart appears to be it is made of the right stuff. Mr. Proctor, who is a butcher in South Heigham, has for some years past made a practice during the cold weather, of distributing soup to poor families in the neighbourhood. This is an example which might well be copied by other butchers throughout the country without great loss to themselves. Whilst there is so much distress it is up to everyone to do their bit to help relieve it.

A Quiet Wedding.

Love finds a way to happiness for those within its list, even in the sad moments of suspense when life is about to close, as in the case of William Richmond, of Glasgow, and his sweetheart, Miss Agnes Dickson Smith. William was weak and there was little hope for him as he lay in bed, but the sheriff and his clerk made the couple happy by marrying them—according to the Irregular Marriage Act, when the stern and strict formalities of the Church were out of the question.

Class Contrasts.

What is the difference between "ragging" and rioting? Ten students of Manchester University who threw stones and smashed windows were arrested only to be liberated the same evening. Contrast this lenient treatment with the fate of the eight Welsh miners who for "riotous assembly" during a wages dispute, although they denied violence, were sentenced last week by Mr. Justice Greer to three months' imprisonment. Such contrasts leave a sense of bitterness in many minds.

The Heart of a Jew.

Congratulations to Mr. Bishop, a former Scotland Yard official, who goes to Vienna to claim a fortune of £15,000. In 1923, he met Mr. Epstein, a poor Austrian Jew, who had amassed a huge fortune in the Argentine, but who, in his old age and enfeebled health, had in Paris been robbed of £18,000 by cosmopolitan crooks. Bishop recovered the money in one day, and, what was even more to the sick man's taste, prevented his gullibility from being made public. As his will proves, the dictionary is not the only place where gratitude is found.

Her Visible Wealth.

Millie Vernon is an out-of-work domestic servant who was arrested at dawn for being found sleeping in the basement of an empty house at Cumberland Place, Hyde Park, and kept in custody for a week. Charged at Marylebone with being without visible means of subsistence, the magistrate, Mr. Hay Halkett, discharged her. He did not think she ought to have been in custody. He was right. Millie had 7½d. in coppers, and in any case there are better refuges for an out-of-work woman than a police-cell.

The Foulest Crime.

Mr. Justice Rowlatt prophesies that the law before long is going to stamp out blackmail. If all good men will rejoice, for there is no fouler crime in the whole range of human wickedness. Meanwhile, a pat on the back is due to those newspapers which have taken the initiative in omitting the names of prosecutors. The terrors of the law should be reserved for the perpetrators of this infamous crime.

Short-weight Scandal.

The seriousness of the short-weight scandal may be gauged from a recent case, where Edward Roberts was fined for selling bread that was under weight. It was stated that out of sixteen loaves sold by the accused twelve were of short weight. Yet he escaped with a fine of 10s. British housewives are being robbed of thousands of pounds yearly, and it is time they were given adequate protection.

Fish and Fowl.

When Robert Woodward Curtels, an ex-naval commander, appeared before the Hove Bench on a charge of uttering a large number of worthless cheques, the magistrates were extremely nice to him, binding him over for two years on his undertaking to enter an inebriates' home. The episode would have left a pleasanter taste in the mouth if a week earlier the same Bench had not sent a destitute man to jail for two months for his first offence, obtaining 10s. by false pretences. Such inconsistencies are not justice.

Breaking his Mother's Heart.

When Edward Williamson, a fifteen-year-old clerk stole from the Wine and Spirit Traders' Association of Great Tower Street a blank cheque, and filled it in for £210, trying to cash it at the London, City and Westminster Bank, he was well embarked on the slippery slope to ruin. Fortunately for him the bank clerks had the sense not to give him the money, and brought to book at the police court he was placed on probation and bound over. This should give him a real check. Unless Williamson wants to kill his widowed and invalid mother, he must turn over a new leaf.

Prohibitive Bait.

We are glad that Frederick Charles Gates, a post office sorter of long service, has been brought to book at last. For long the authorities have had good cause to doubt this man's honesty. Indeed, some years ago he was placed upon his trial, but managed to wriggle out for lack of evidence. Even then, we are told, the police were convinced of his guilt. Why, then, was he permitted to retain a post where it was easy for him to victimise the public? Was there a no less responsible position open to him? It is all very well to set traps, but public welfare is too costly a bait.

As a Warning.

Readily do we oblige Mr. Justice Rowlatt, who expressed a wish that the case of Henry James Clark, sixty-nine, painter, of Portsmouth, would receive wide journalistic broadcasting so that it might serve as a warning. He took advantage of his imbecile niece, a grown woman with the mentality of a six-year-old child. If the ties of blood relationship and the helplessness of the victim were not enough, one would have thought that the weight of years would have prompted Clark to decency. We fear he is a dangerous incorrigible, and six months enforced restraint is not an hour too much.

A Registrar's Warning.

Sufferers from poor sight will do well to heed the warning which Mr. J. H. Sutcliffe, Registrar of the Joint Council of Qualified Opticians, utters against quacks. These noisome frauds make huge fortunes, touring the country as "eyesight specialists" and fleecing the poor. Spectacles worth 2s. are sold at prices ranging from 27s. 6d. to £6, and in many cases sight is permanently injured. In every case of eye trouble consult a doctor first.

One of Many.

A London reader asks our advice in connection with the Warwickshire and South Midland Electricity Supply Corporation, Ltd., a concern in which she had invested £250. On looking into matters, we find that this company is one of many promoted by Colonel Octavius Edmund Eaton, who has been at the game for thirty years. As every one of his precious companies has failed in the past, we cannot be very hopeful regarding the present concern.

"Beginning to Despair."

Like the Common Serjeant at the Old Bailey, we "are beginning to despair at human nature as revealed in these cases," though our reasons differ. The judge referred to the despicable conduct of Aubrey Foster, an engineer, who was sentenced to fifteen months in the second division for extensive frauds upon ex-Service men. We despair because of the almost criminal credulity of the victims. We would again emphasise that if any reader is not in a position to test the genuineness of any business proposition made to him, our services and advice are ever at his disposal.

Pay! Pay! Pay!

Fee-snatching on an ambitious scale would appear to be the chief business of the *Overseas Gazette*, 19, Roseberry Street, Hull, although they profess to find situations for people all over the world. An initial fee brings a long letter and a sheaf of circulars, and further fees are called for. "If we can't get your money in one way let's get it in another" would be a fitting slogan for this firm, whose proprietor is C. E. Youngson. Unless we are mistaken, this gentleman was recently in business at 165, Albert Avenue, Hull, and carrying on a similar sort of stunt.

Still At It.

A Gorton reader applied for an advertised position as barman, and to his surprise received a letter and circular from Messrs. Collins and Collins, Employment Agents, of 203, Strand, London, W.C.2, inviting him to enrol with them and calling for a fee of 2s. 6d. Another reader who paid 2s. 6d. for registration heard nothing for two months. When he wrote they informed him that he was "no longer on their books," and that a further 2s. 6d. would be necessary to renew his registration. There can be nothing meaner than exploiting the unemployed in this way.

A Bookie's Bluff.

A. Baldwin, of 5, Sarre Road, Hampstead, N.W., is a bookie to shun: A Brondesbury reader complained to us some time back that he was unable to get his winnings from Baldwin, and we consequently wrote on his behalf. At first our letters were ignored. Then Mr. Baldwin declared that our reader was not one of his clients, but we happened to have one of his accounts in our possession. Mr. Baldwin's next excuse was that he would not pay until our reader had settled an account with another bookmaker. We are informed that our reader has no outstanding accounts with any other bookmaker; but doubtless Baldwin has some fresh excuse ready. He is a bad egg.

"JOHN BULL" FREE INSURANCE GIFT
168 More Cheques
for "John Bull" Readers
See page 2.

Problems of Life

Hid Treasure

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

M R. E. T. RAYMOND has lately issued a study of the life of Benjamin Disraeli which comes nearer to being a true revelation of the soul of that remarkable man than anything yet written on the same mystery.

For mystery it remains. No one can be quite sure of having known the real Disraeli, of having penetrated to the innermost being of one of the most self-contained personalities of all time.

But perhaps the sphinx, as Disraeli's fellow politicians called him, was not so very different from other people after all.

In his earlier life he felt himself capable of great things and saw not the faintest prospect of ever being in a position to do them. He has left on record the statement that as a young man he was unhappy because filled with a burning ambition that his restricted circumstances forbade him to gratify.

In his case the opportunity came at length and he resolutely seized it; but how many persons are there in the world who have all his longing for ampler range while condemned to remain all their days the helpless drudges of routine and the victims of dreary monotony?

ONE of Thomas Hardy's most powerful novels is written around this very theme, "Jude the Obscure."

It is the tragical story of a poor youth who wants to rise, not simply to cut a figure in the world, but to be something worth while, to make something of himself that he feels he has it in him to become.

He never succeeds in doing it. One gate of hope after another is slammed in his face, and he dies before his time, a broken-hearted failure.

People who never arrive, who perhaps only vaguely and sadly dream of what might have been had fate been kinder, must be numerous.

More than three hundred years ago Sir Thomas Browne wrote in his "Religio Medici": "Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time."

GRAY'S "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"—Stoke Poges, which is henceforth to be a national possession and shrine—deals with exactly the same probability. The poet wonders how many great men there might have been among the unknown peasants buried there.

"Chill penury repress'd their noble rage
And froze the genial currents of the soul."

But if men were wise they would never put their peace of mind in pawn to the desire for recognition.

The values to live by are of another kind, and it is within every man's power to gain them.

They are self-culture—you can buy any of the world's literary masterpieces for a few pence—a quiet spirit, an honest and tender heart.

Acquire these, and the best of life is yours.



Thomas Hardy,
O.M.

Snivelling Susanah

Husband with Nine Lives!

So be on your guard. Whether it is ulcerated legs, rheumatism, dying husbando, newly born babes, brigandly bookmakers, funerals, accidents, give shifty, snivelling Sussannah the bird and drop her appeals in the waste-paper basket.

Putty and Eyewash

The Missing Paysheet

THE following advertisement recently appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*:

"Men required to clean walls and paint work, ceilings, etc., in houses, offices, shops; previous experience not essential. Write, J. W. M. Service, 3-4, Cheapside, E.C. 2."

Applicants are favoured with a long circular letter from Jno. W. Mallard Sales and Publicity Service, giving particulars of their "scheme for the alleviation of unemployment."

The firm has a wonderful preparation known as the "Cleveland Cleaner," and proposes to open up depots and workshops in every district in London and towns throughout the United Kingdom.

Good pay for right men

Applicants are told that they will be "offered" regular employment, with good wages, provided they prove themselves honest, capable and steady workmen.

But—and it is a very big but!—until the depots are opened, and until applicants have proved that they can do the work, no one can be "put on the wages sheet."

Therefore, the company undertakes to supply the necessary working materials and certificates authorising applicants to do work in private houses, etc., pointing out that certificates must be endorsed by prominent local people, such as clergymen or councillors, to show that the holders are "honest and trustworthy."

It further declares that "hard workers should earn £4 to £5 per week." If they have "made good" after two weeks, they will be given permanent jobs at the company's local depots.

After all this lengthy "eye-wash" comes the final paragraph of the letter, and with it the "snag."

"It will be necessary for you to forward a P.O. for 1s. 6d. to cover the cost of packing and despatching the working materials and to defray the cost of your authority certificate."

Those who are foolish enough to send the money receive one small tin of the cleaner—which appears to be a mixture of putty and paraffin. They are told to go from house to house and offer to clean paintwork, charging their own prices.

Look before you leap

The material given is perhaps sufficient to clean one wall about 12 ft. square; but the company very kindly offers to supply further tins at 1s. 3d. As it would take about six tins to clean an average-sized room, the workmen are not likely to reap very large profits.

It may be that the company is taking these means of making the cleaner known to the public, and once this end has been achieved its victims who have done the "donkey work" will doubtless be sacked.

So once again we would impress upon our readers the folly of parting with money to firms which offer nothing definite in return.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SCOUNDREL

MAGISTRATE'S GROSS BLUNDER

A Child's Altar of Sacrifice

"PUBLICITY is the essence of justice," observed Sir Ernest Wild, the Recorder of London, in the course of an objectionable case which came before him the other day at the Old Bailey.

Few men are in the position to know better than Sir Ernest Wild the wisdom of what he said. And the purpose of this article is to show as clearly as we can that publicity is "the essence of justice," and we shall do this by disclosing the details of a glaring miscarriage of justice which has been brought to our notice.

A few days ago, a young man, of Italian descent, named Jack Di Dominico, of 19, Aylesbury Road, Walworth, S.E., stood in the dock at Lambeth Police Court charged with one of the worst offences it is possible to prefer against anyone—that of improperly assaulting a girl of five!

The brute and the baby

Here is the full story as we have ourselves obtained it: The little girl, whose name we are withholding to save her parents further pain, used to go every Sunday to the children's Sunday school attached to St. Stephen's Church, Walworth. Her Sunday-school teacher was Jack Di Dominico.

The trouble began some weeks ago, when, after Di Dominico had taught the little girl and others like her in his class the stories of the Scriptures, he took her to a room adjacent to the Sunday school and subjected her to treatment which marked him instantly as a man who ought not only to be expelled from any church but to be segregated from his fellows.

The five-year-old child was too terrified to say anything, and if this young Sunday school teacher had not pursued her further with his evil intentions, the truth may never have become known. But he did.

Enticed away by a promise

Some days after his first assault upon her, on Friday, October 23 last, to be precise, he invited the child, who lives near his home, to go to his house in order that he could present her with a book. Her mother was out shopping at the time and on returning to find her child missing made enquiries, to discover her in the Di Dominico home.

A dreadful story she then heard—a story which might have spurred any mother to do some maddened thing in the horror of that moment. The young Sunday-school teacher had again subjected the little girl to the most infamous treatment.

The Rodney-road police were communicated with, and Detective-Sergeant Mason took the matter in hand. Dominico was arrested and brought before Mr. Samuel Fleming, the magistrate at Lambeth.

He did not deny the charge. He admitted it. He was remanded for a week, and during that time all sorts of things happened.

Friends intervened on his behalf, amongst them Miss Holland, the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and the Vicar of St. Stephen's Church, the Rev. E. E. Shewring.

Admitting his guilt openly

We do not know what these generous people think about the torture the poor child suffered at the hands of this young brute. We do not know what they have to say against the grief-stricken mother's argument that her child must go through life with the memory of her dreadful ordeal always before her. But we do know that in their opinion Di Dominico, betrayer of the child's innocence, had to be saved.

What happened in court? Di Dominico admitted his crime, and Mr. Arthur White, a solicitor, told the magistrate that he had committed the act in a moment of temptation and desired to express his sincere regret. The Rev. E. E. Shewring and Miss Holland went into the box to do all they could for him.

"No stain upon his character"

Di Dominico must indeed thank these people for what they have done. Mr. Fleming, the magistrate, said that he was glad that Di Dominico had been able to call evidence which satisfied him that he was the victim of a sudden impulse which he could not control, and that in order that there should be no stain upon his character, and in the full expectation that he would carry out his promise not to offend again, he ordered the youth to be discharged!

How can the character of this youth, who admitted his guilt, be stainless?

Very little has been said about this distressing case in the Press. In view of the fact that the parents are brokenhearted, that the stain upon the memory of the child can never be blotted out, and that her assailant has gone scot-free, we think our readers will agree with us that "publicity is the essence of justice."

Many people who know the facts are infuriated that this man has not been punished.

More particularly are we concerned in this case because Mr. Fleming is causing much criticism locally over the strange divergence of his sentences. Let us take two recent cases and put them on a par with that of the eighteen-year-old Sunday-school teacher and his five-year-old victim.



Mr. Samuel Fleming, the Lambeth Police Court magistrate

The other day, a poor woman was charged before him with stealing some jewellery valued at £8 from the lady for whom she was working as a charwoman. She had fallen into the hands of moneylender after moneylender. She had been charged exorbitant interest and, completely out of her depth, had pawned everything she had until she was forced to steal.

When she was arrested, she had no fewer than three moneylenders' accounts in her possession, and the interest charged appeared to work out at 260 per cent. per annum.

Woman prisoner's awful misery

Now, the parents in the child assault case very rightly and properly wished to press the prosecution against Di Dominico, who they consider—and we think most people will agree with them—should have received some greater punishment than that which permitted him to leave the court without a stain upon his character. But in the case of the charlady who had stolen jewellery, the prosecutrix told Mr. Fleming that she did not wish to press the case.

"What do you want to say about this matter?" asked Mr. Fleming of the tearful prisoner. "I will never do it again," she cried. "I have never done such a thing before."

"You must go to prison for one month in the second division," ejaculated Mr. Fleming sternly, and the sobbing creature was led away, with the first stain on her character marked indelibly upon her.

Last week five men, all about the same age as Di Dominico, were charged before the same Mr. Fleming, at the same court, with the heinous offence of using insulting words and behaviour in the street. It appeared that, in a spirit of fun, they were "acting drunk" and singing "Show me the way to go home."

Mr. Fleming was righteously indignant. There were no clergymen or Sunday-school superintendents to intervene for them. They had been adjudged guilty of the monstrous crime against society of singing in the street for their own amusement.

Which is the greater crime?

"It is quite obvious that the light sentences I have been passing have had no effect," said Mr. Fleming to the young men in the dock. "I have no hesitation in convicting all of you of this disgraceful conduct. You will each have to pay a fine of 4s., or, in default of payment, go to prison for one month."

In commending the magistrate's words, particularly to Mr. Di Dominico, we also commend them particularly to Mr. Fleming himself, who has meted out scandalously lenient treatment to this Sunday-school teacher, who ruined the innocence of this five-year-old child and who ought most certainly to have been taught a lesson in a far more convincing fashion.

GOLD, GEMS AND GAS

RIVAL TREASURE TWISTERS

The Mariner's Mountain Cave

WHAT has become of John Fenn, who some time ago was asking the public for subscriptions to enable him to equip an expedition for the recovery of untold gold from South Eastern Peru?

Is this gallant fellow snow-bound in the Andes or is he snowed under in his London office by an avalanche of cheques from credulous fools who were tempted by his offer to return £1,000 for every £5 advanced?

Wherever he is, he had better step carefully, for it would appear that he has rivals, in a firm calling itself the Gem Recovery Syndicate of South America (1925).

The knowledge possessed by this syndicate is apparently more comprehensive than Mr. Fenn's. They not only "know of a place in Peru" where a store of gold is to be found—they go further and add that there are rubies and sapphires as well!

But they have taken a leaf out of Mr. Fenn's book, and from a small office in Piccadilly they are sending out circulars inviting the public to send subscriptions to enable them to equip an expedition to recover this fabulous treasure.

The hidden treasure

The syndicate were lucky enough to fall in with a master mariner, Captain Atkinson, who has done much gold prospecting in the regions of the Andes, and who some years ago discovered among the nuggets a number of very precious stones.

Thence he immediately took steps to conceal for reasons best known to himself, and for fifteen years, unknown to another soul, they have lain undiscovered in their mountain hiding place awaiting the return of their owner.

When Captain Atkinson heard of

Mr. Fenn's proposed gold-seeking expedition, he dropped him a line with a view to joining in. He received no reply from Fenn, but a man named E. Spencer wrote on paper headed "48, Rupert Street," which was found to be an accommodation address.

This Mr. Spencer also goes by the name of Jack Johnson, and he would certainly appear to be a dark horse. His associates are a Mr. Belmont and a Mr. Watson, the latter being known as "Colonel" to his colleagues.

Three shady customers

At Empire House, Piccadilly, where the Gem Recovery Syndicate were housed until quite recently, the "Colonel" was known as Watson; but at a little office in 5, West Street, near Oxford Circus Tube Station, they call him Mr. Mills!

These three shady customers are the real crooks behind the Gem Recovery Syndicate, and Captain Atkinson is merely a cat's-paw. They use his name and photograph upon their circulars, and the burden of interviewing prospective supporters of the expedition is dumped upon his shoulders.

In the early stages, the captain was called away to visit a sick relative in Cardiff, and when he ultimately returned he found that little or nothing had been done in the way of organisation, though presumably a fair amount of money had come in.

From time to time Captain Atkinson demanded to know how matters were progressing, and how soon he could start on his expedition. Spencer told him that £5,000 had been subscribed, and as soon as that amount was doubled operations could commence.

Time wore on, and the captain

tired of playing the part of cat's-paw and decided to break away from the scheme. This he ultimately did, and wrote to the effect that he refused to allow his name or portrait to be used any longer.

Later he made the discovery that the Gem Recovery Syndicate were still sending out their original circulars, having paid no heed to his requests. He came up to town and called at the office, only to find it occupied by a new tenant who could give him no information.

From a typist on the premises, however, Atkinson learned that the "Colonel" still called in at the office occasionally.

So, what the exact position of the Gem Recovery Syndicate may be it is difficult to say. Has the "Colonel" gathered all the support he required to operate his scheme? And has he sent out an expedition to compete with Mr. Fenn in the gold rush, or have the two amalgamated?

If we may make a guess, we would say that Fenn's Peruvian Gold Expedition Scheme and the "Colonel's" Gem Recovery Syndicate have vanished into thin air.

Popping up again

But it is pretty certain that we shall hear of them again in some future reincarnation, when these precious crooks have run through the fortunes they have succeeded in lifting from a gullible public.

So, if at some future date you receive a tempting circular, giving a glowing account of wondrous wealth concealed in Uruguay or Timbuctoo, for which an expedition is being equipped by public subscription, we advise you to examine it very carefully. One or other of the gentlemen we have mentioned will almost certainly be behind the scheme.

Holroyd

the Hoaxer

Career of Crime Laid Bare

FOR some considerable time we have been receiving complaints concerning the activities of a man named A. A. Holroyd, a company promoter of the most plausible type.

He first became conspicuous a year or so ago through his connection with two companies housed at Oxford Circus House, W., called British Properties, Ltd., and the Omnium Trust Corporation. Holroyd swindled the public in both, but in the Omnium Trust venture the dupes were countless.

The end of this much-boomed "Corporation" is easily explained by the fact that letters from dissatisfied clients were eventually returned marked "Gone away."

Lost and found

Holroyd was lost sight of for a time, and then he emerged as a director of the Holwyn Building & Construction Co., Ltd. The full measure of Mr. Holroyd's charm of manner may be gauged from the fact that he imposed upon several very reputable gentlemen, such as Major General Sir Hubert Gough, K.C.B., and the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Carrick.

Both these titled gentlemen were directors of the Holwyn Co. for a time, but eventually resigned. There is no doubt, however, that their names impressed many clients.

In this new venture Holroyd had done the same thing again. In one case he lifted £100 from an out-of-work man to whom he promised employment—and lifted the money in fact, only a week or two before the Holwyn concern went bankrupt!

At the time we said that "when the liquidation goes through, the Holwyn Construction Co. will drop into the limbo of forgotten things like the Omnium Trust Corporation and British Properties, Ltd., and Holroyd will no doubt be able to form another company, dope a few generals and peers, and, after having used their influence and prestige for a time, he may say good-bye to them and find other poor devils to trust him." Now what has happened?

Startling figures

We have just obtained the official figures relating to the failure of Mr. Holroyd's Holwyn Building & Construction Co., Ltd. The statement of affairs shows unsecured liabilities of £14,703, no assets at all, and as regards the shareholders a deficiency of £74,860!

It is clear, too, that Mr. Holroyd received a large sum of money by way of deposits concerning houses, and the company proposed to erect, and there is no doubt whatever that Holroyd must have been aware of the fact that, when most of these deposits were received, there was little or no prospect of the company ever being in a position to recover.

It is a grave scandal that a persistent schemer like Holroyd is permitted to go on plundering the public.

Bombast and Blither

Glasgow Charity Scandal

WE recently found it necessary to criticise an organisation known as the Christian Volunteer Force, of 142, West Nile Street, Glasgow, which is conducted by an ex-Salvation Army officer, named James Hutchison.

This gentleman quickly issued a "reply," but, as it only appeared in local newspapers and in the official organ of the Christian Volunteer Force, it will have been lost to many of our readers.

Whilst hotly denying what he terms our "slandrous and defamatory statements," Commander Hutchison observes that the cost of taking legal action would be anything from £1,500 to £2,000, and he "can utilise the money for a far better use than to pay lawyers' fees."

We have no doubt whatever about the latter observation; but we would

like to point out that if we are in the wrong, as Commander Hutchison maintains, the result of legal action would be that he would receive damages and costs that would have to be paid by us.

In that event, the name of the Christian Volunteer Force would be cleared, whilst the damages would help to swell its funds.

Nor is any sensible person likely to be impressed by the extravagant claims made by Commander Hutchison on behalf of his organisation. Who can believe in such miracles of catering as the following? "32,564 free hot meals are given in our halls every Sunday morning from October to April."

That alone is a claim which, to our mind, the commander would have much difficulty in substantiating; but apart from that he affirms that

"2,425 poor children are given a day in the country in summer; 2,320 poor children are given a Christmas and New Year Treat; 1,224 cases receive treatment in our clinic for sick and deformed children."

Now, the balance-sheet for the year ending December, 1924, gives the income and expenditure of the organisation as £2,020 8s. 11½d. We leave our readers to apportion this over the foregoing acts of charity.

Commander Hutchison's reply would appear to be a ridiculous piece of bombast; and we have no hesitation in saying that we stand by our former criticism.

It is significant that the Charity Organisation Society, of 212, Bath Street, Glasgow, is unable to recommend the Christian Volunteer Force for public support.

Jigsaw Justice

Sentences that are Silly

It is quite clear that something must be done in regard to the appalling inequality of sentences imposed by magistrates.

Take a few recent cases. A little while ago, Harry Walter Thomas, the licensee of the Blue Boar Hotel, Southgate Street, Leicester, was fined ten guineas and eight guineas costs for supplying intoxicating liquor to two men who, according to Thomas, did not pay for the drink, but were only entertained by him to supper.

A little while afterwards, in the same town, Fong Low, a laundryman, of St. Stephen's Road, was charged with being drunk and disorderly.

Justice easily satisfied

Police Officer Hooke said he heard a girl screaming in Dover Street and saw her struggling with Fong Low, who had something like a knife in his hand. Although Fong Low behaved like a madman when arrested, and despite the fact that the girl's clothing was torn in the scuffle, justice was done by fining him £1!

Thus a licensee, who at the most makes a slip, is fined ten times as much as a Chinese who assaults a white girl in a drunken frenzy. The licensee, too, is likely to have his licence withdrawn.

Then let us look into the case of Roland Lester, who embezzled money belonging to his employers in Bishopsgate Street. He was sentenced the other day at the Old Bailey to twelve months' hard labour and, in our opinion, deserved it.

But put Lester's case against that of Thomas McGowan, who appeared before Mr. Justice Mackinnon at Liverpool Assizes last week.

A terrible offence

McGowan is a dentist and the father of several children. The charge against him was that he had misbehaved himself in a shocking fashion with a fourteen-year-old girl. The girl was his daughter, and the offence was committed in the home where he lived with his wife and other children!

For this terrible crime McGowan was sent to jail for twelve months' hard labour! Thus a clerk who embezzles his employer's money, and a father who betrays his own daughter, are put in the same category!

A wandering gipsy named Clark, the other day at Coventry, was also charged with being drunk and disorderly. This gipsy, in a struggle with the police officer who arrested him, kicked him on the leg.

As the gipsies in his locality had, according to a police officer, caused a deal of trouble, Clark was sentenced to two months' imprisonment!

Justice is certainly very hard to understand in cases like these, particularly when a man who betrays his own little girl in such shocking circumstances gets as his deserts just six times as much punishment as that imposed on a drunken gipsy who kicks a police officer's leg.

SQUEEZING THE POOR

INSURANCE POLICY BLUNDER

An Appeal to the Prudential

THE Prudential Assurance Company has made recent revisions in its rates for life assurance policies, the justice of which cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. Briefly, the effect of the changes made may be summed up as follows—the bigger the policy the better the terms.

This may sound quite innocent until one gives a moment's reflection to the matter and realises that it is only another way of saying that the poor man, who cannot afford to take out a very big policy, must pay the highest rates, whilst the wealthiest clients are favoured with the lowest terms.

We have heard of one law for the rich and another for the poor, and the present form of reasoning seems equally preposterous.

Supposing everyone applied these same distinctions in their transactions, how should we fare? Suppose the butcher, for instance, sold his smaller joints at a higher price per pound than his larger ones.

It is absurd, of course; but it is no less absurd than when it is applied to life assurance.

Hard on the poor man

The penalising of the poor is no new departure. The poor man has always been at a disadvantage in regard to life policies. The wealthy man is permitted to claim a remission of income-tax in respect of all premiums paid for life insurance, which means a considerable saving.

But a poor man, who may not be liable for income-tax, must pay his full premium without any consideration from the State. Surely he is in greater need of such consideration than his wealthier policy-holder?

This existing inequality of treatment is bad enough, but for a company like the Prudential suddenly to

offer better terms to policy-holders for large amounts than to those who assure for small sums astounds us.

It is not only grossly unfair to the poor man; it is equally unjust to their old policy-holders. Those who took out their policies prior to September 1 must adhere to the terms of their contracts and pay the old rates throughout the whole period of their insurance.

They naturally feel that they are entitled to have their policies converted under the new reduced rates, so as to enjoy the benefits that the being offered to new clients. They certainly have a grievance.

Famous Economist's condemnation

We are pleased to see that Sir William Schooling, K.B.E., has written very warmly on the subject in the Press. Although he admits that he has been one of the warmest admirers of the Prudential in the past he now frankly condemns their action and appeals to them to withdraw their new prospectus.

Sir William states that the publication of such a prospectus in America would have resulted in the licence of the company to transact assurance business being withdrawn, for the laws of most of the States of America prohibit discrimination between policy-holders.

Sir William reflects that it is a little humiliating that we should be definitely below the standard embodied in the laws of the United States in this respect.

It is certainly a great pity that a powerful company like the Prudential should have been the first to introduce these unhappy changes, for when one company sets an example in the matter of rates, other companies are never very long in following it.

This is all very well when the example set is a good one, but there

can be no question about the present case. A revision that imposes unfair conditions upon a large number of policy-holders should never have been entertained.

In the absence of legislation it is left to insurance companies themselves to control insurance practice in this country, and now we have the largest company of all taking a limited and one-sided view of matters, and setting a lower standard than has hitherto prevailed.

Though many people may have little regard for general principles, these principles cannot be set at defiance with impunity.

The principles of equity are sadly shattered by the revisions that the Prudential Assurance Company has made in their rates.

If any change were needed it would surely have been more equitable to have increased the rates of premium to large policy-holders, and to have reduced them to the small. Such a course would have offered some compensation to the latter in respect of the inequality of the income-tax regulations.

An appeal to the Company

At any rate, the present change cannot stand, and we earnestly support Sir William Schooling in his appeal to the Prudential Assurance Company to withdraw their prospectus. At the same time we would extend our appeal to all other companies who may contemplate following this regrettable lead.

It is a false step that will speedily result in a falling-off of business. For the confidence of the public is not to be gained by any company that introduces terms and conditions into its transactions which are manifestly unfair.

A World-wide Wizard

The Humbug Hypnotist

MR. ELMER E. KNOWLES, humbug hypnotist and mind-reader of the National Institute of Sciences, 18, Rue de Londres, Brussels, Belgium, has broken out in a fresh spot.

A Transvaal reader has sent us a copy of the Johannesburg Star, containing a long advertisement which appears under the heading "The Magnetic Girl."

Attention is called to a new book, "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces," by Elmer Ellsworth Knowles, which "lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yogis, and explains a unique system for the Development of Personal Magnetism, Hypnotic and Telepathic Powers, and the curing of disease and habits without drugs."

An obliging lady, whose photograph is published, declares that "Prof. Knowles' book opens the door to success, health and happiness to every mortal, no matter what his or her position in life."

One hundred thousand copies of this wonderful book are being distributed free, and anyone interested is invited to apply.

In addition to receiving a free book, anyone who writes at once is promised a "character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles," if they simply copy out the following verse in their own handwriting:

"I want power of mind,
Force and strength in my look,
Please read my character,
And send me your book."

We can do a little advance

character-reading on our own account and assure any who have answered the advertisement that they are mugs.

"If you wish, you may send sixpence" is good. Probably nine out of ten applicants would enclose it without a thought, for after all sixpence is not a very great sum.

But it is from sixpences gained in this way that Elmer E. Knowles has built up his preposterous business, for once he has got fishes into his net he does not let them go in a hurry.

For the sixpences he would send "character readings" of a very flattering nature, and doubtless goodly supplies of his free literature, calculated to coax clients into enrolling for his special £8 courses of instruction.

He has been at the game for years, and is a notorious humbug, who should be left severely alone.

A STRANGE TATTOO EXPLOITING THE SUCCESS OF WEMBLEY

A Warning to Would-be Investors

IN these days, when jobs are few and far between, it is with joy that one picks up a paper that announces in an advertisement that the job that one has dreamed of is about to materialise.

It was in this spirit that our representative went along to Room 46, Gloucester House, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2, and interviewed a gentleman who introduced himself as Mr. Montgomery, the genius behind the Touring Torchlight Tattoo. This wonderful private enterprise is to put thousands of pounds into the funds of the British Legion.

At the same time it will give employment to hundreds of unfortunate ex-officers and ex-soldiers and sailors who have been thrown on the labour market at a time when industry is suffering from the after-effects of the War.

Our representative found Mr. Montgomery to be very full of his scheme and most enthusiastic over its success. But the man left an unpleasant taste in the mouth. He seemed almost too plausible and self-effacing in the way he apologised for the cramped office and its limitations.

Barnum out-Barnumed

There was one point, however, that he was not self-effacing over, the impossibility of anyone else putting on such a show with any degree of success. In fact, he would almost convince one that he is the greatest showman of all time, not excluding the great Barnum himself.

Before even one penny of capital has been subscribed, Mr. Montgomery has the programme cut and dried,

the number of performers, bands, officials, attendants, and the hundred-and-one items which are necessary to a successful show, and even the salaries of the officers are covered by an item of £1,500 per week.

The details of the scheme were gone into more fully and Mr. Montgomery said that he had a big asset, which is the large tent with a seating capacity of several thousands, and in which it is proposed to hold the performances of the tattoo in those towns which will not pay for the building of a more ponderous structure.

The name that struck

Mr. Montgomery is convinced that any other company which attempts to organise a tattoo and take it on tour cannot possibly commence giving performances before the lapse of many months. He is positive that there is no other tent or marquee in existence which is big enough to hold the tattoo.

On leaving the office, our representative caught a glimpse of a letter which was addressed to "T. Montgomery Sylvester, Esq., Room 46, Gloucester House, Charing Cross Road," and the name set a train of thought working which has resulted in the discovery of some amazing facts.

Now, the interesting thing about Mr. Montgomery is that he is not Mr. Montgomery at all, but a notorious "showman" named T. M. Sylvester, who has been a nuisance to the theatrical world generally for many years.

He is certainly a showman—of types. He has stranded one circus

after another after inducing mugs to invest the capital upon which he has taken them on tour. The last time we heard of him was about two years ago when he left a circus stranded high and dry at Lowestoft.

This particular show was much boomed, and Sylvester billed it as the most spectacular thing on earth. It was certainly very spectacular when most of the performers were left hungry, without a bean in the way of salary, and, in many cases, with investors in a hopeless position as regards the return of their money.

The usual procedure adopted by this self-styled showman is to get a number of people together, induce them to invest money in whatever wonderful show he has in view at the time, float a limited liability company and persuade his dupes, by glowing tales and promises, to take shares in return for their cash.

Then Sylvester appoints himself as manager at a handsome salary, runs the show on tour while the investors' money lasts, and then, when the money gives out, he regrets that the company must fail likewise.

Poor hope of success

It may be added that a tattoo is an essentially military affair, depending for its success on the training, experience and equipment of the units taking part. Conducted by the best producer in the country but with only civilians taking part the great Wembley spectacle would have been a burlesque. What hope a touring company unknown to the War Office could have of scoring a success it is difficult to imagine.

Pitfalls for the Foolish

Mercenary Matchmakers

PAPERS of good repute are constantly accepting for publication advertisements for matrimonial agencies, "Friendship Leagues" and the like.

In the *Kentish Express* recently there appeared an advertisement worded: "Lonely! Then send an add. env. to Secretary, U.C.C., 16KE Cambridge Street, London, S.W.1"—a concern which introduces, for substantial fees, members of both sexes to each other.

The same announcement was included in the *Bristol Times and Mirror*, in which paper we counted two advertisements for matrimonial agencies, one for the Friends' League Great Windmill Street, Piccadilly which offers to supply lonely people with a friend, and one from a bachelor who wishes to make the acquaintance of a lady, age 28-32.

These advertisements may be perfectly *bona fide*, and we have no doubt that the papers concerned would not accept them unless they considered them so, but they have no means of definitely knowing what sort of introductions are made through these methods of correspondence.

Young girls with money may very easily be introduced to the wrong kind of man through this medium and become an easy prey to those who live by their wits. Old hags of dubious reputation may be put into correspondence with young men, and none of the people responsible need be a scrap the wiser.

Under the circumstances, we think that a more careful enquiry into such advertisements is needed in a number of publishing offices.

If every advertisement of this type was rejected, however genuine it may appear to be, it would be removing a very big pitfall from the feet of the young and foolish, who pin their faith to anything that appears "in print."

Booster Readers

"I AM delighted with your *Razor* Set and particularly please to think that the eight persons to whom I introduced JOHN BULL are now permanent readers."

"More than delighted. My only regret is that I was not a regular reader years ago. Have never taken more interesting paper and am now getting my friends to take it too."

"That's the spirit we like to see. Not only that the Gift is appreciated but, what is even more important, the desire on the part of all to 'te the world' what a really wonderful twopennyworth JOHN BULL is, and the urging of our readers to make their friends take the paper regularly."

Yet another correspondent waxed eloquent by saying:

"I'm so pleased with your razor I am now a 'sales raiser'."

Here is a trio of letters quoted at random from the hundreds which still continue to pour in in praise of our Gift of a Half-Guinea

Stone's Silly Schemes

Spare-time Stunts Spiked

ONE of the many generous people who make it their business to pretend to assist the unemployed in their difficulties is a Mr. E. M. Spikesman, who for years has been conducting a very profitable fee-snatching business under the titles of "Stone and Company" and "Owen and Company."

His method is to insert misleading advertisements in the pages of the Press stating that from £2 to £10 may be earned by "homework."

People who apply for particulars receive a four-page circular from Stone and Company, Agents and Publishers, at the head of which is printed an imposing block of Cromwell House, Fulwood Place, W.C., which gives the impression that the "registered head office" of the company is an important building, whereas Spikesman only occupies a tiny room.

The circulars also state that there is a branch office at 19-20, Craven

Street, W.C.2, and that the telephone exchange is "Chancery," but the number is omitted.

A deposit of 5s. is called for before full particulars of the "home work" scheme are supplied, and a further commission of 5s. is to be paid by clients when they have made £10 clear profit.

We doubt very much whether anyone ever made £10 or even 10s. by the idiotic schemes outlined by Stone and Company, and we are pleased to note that Spikesman has been given notice to quit by the landlords of both his offices.

But Spikesman is not easily deterred, and within the last week he has offered the following advertisement to the Press:

£2 weekly easily earned, spare time, agency, enclose envelope.—A. Branch, 19, Craven Street, W.C."

The truth is that Spikesman cannot be actually turned out of his Craven

Street office because it does not exist! All letters addressed to "A. Branch" are being taken in at a house and apartment agency on the ground floor, where they are called for by Spikesman or his representative.

Spikesman appears to have imitators in various parts of the country who are also sending out circulars calling attention to their "home employment" plans.

Some are not quite so grasping, and many only call for a fee of half a crown. The fact that so many people are now engaged in this fee-snatching business shows clearly who it is who really make the money.

The best way of making money at home is not to send it to gentlemen of this category, no matter how plausible their offers may sound or how consoling their prophecies may be to the poor devils who often send their last few shillings for such bundles of worthless trash.

The Prosperity Express

by Sir HENRY W. THORNTON, K.B.E. (President of the Canadian National Railways)

THE workings of railways has an important bearing on the welfare of the people. The best system for working them must be adopted. Whether nationalisation or private ownership is the better method must depend on varying conditions

THE nationalisation theorists have for long made the railways their favourite battleground. State control of various Continental systems has been held up as a powerful argument in favour of the socialisation, not only of the means of distribution, but of production and exchange.

Three years ago the Canadian Government took over the Grand Trunk and Mackenzie and Mann (Canadian Northern) systems, which were bordering on bankruptcy. They created the Canadian National Railways, which, with 22,000 miles of track, became the largest State-owned enterprise of the kind in the world, excepting the German single national group.

The enterprise so far appears to have met with marked success. In 1922 the net earnings were under three million dollars. In 1923, the first year of the new administration, they increased to over twenty million dollars, and this year that figure is likely to be exceeded.

Now I find that the theorists are using the growing prosperity of the Canadian National Railways as a nail in the coffin of private ownership in Great Britain. Having had control of the C.N.R. from its birth, I may perhaps be permitted to clear the air.

War the first thought

In almost every case railways have been nationalised not because the people of the country concerned have become enamoured of the doctrine of public ownership, but for reasons of State—for example, where strategic military considerations have been more important than commercial requirements. Such is the case with Germany, France and Belgium.

England never having been successfully invaded since the time of William the Conqueror, and never having had to move large bodies of troops to a battlefield actually on her doorstep, has not had to regard her railways as part of a military machine.

Canada and the United States have likewise been spared the stern necessities of militarism, and their railway systems have been allowed to develop with private administration and private capital. Part nationalisation was forced on Canada for domestic reasons.

The Government had a financial interest in the Grand Trunk and Mackenzie and Mann systems, and, with insolvency threatening both of them, it had little choice but to take them over.

Can this be used as an argument in favour of nationalisation in this or any other country? I would be rash to suggest it.

Trend towards State control

From the earliest times the construction and control of inland means of communication have been regarded as the function of the State. For this reason highways were built by the State over which individuals or companies operated private vehicles. Tolls were usually exacted for the maintenance of the roadway.

It was, therefore, but natural, when railways were first conceived, to think the State should provide the way over which individuals or companies might operate their own vehicles, as was the case on the highway. It was soon found, however, that in the operation of a railway harmonious and orderly relations had to exist. Hence it became impracticable for vehicles of

independent ownership and control to pass over a railway at will, and, as a natural consequence, it came about that corporations were formed for the construction, equipment and operation of railways.

But, back of all this, there existed the feeling that the State must maintain some relationship to such corporations, and in certain countries so pronounced did this feeling become that State ownership of railways has been the policy from the start.

For many years, even in those States where Government ownership did not exist, there has been a constant trend towards a closer and more exacting regulation of railways by the Government.

Contentions and counter-contentions

The importance of the functions of the railway and their close and intimate effect upon the daily life of the individual, as well as their vital relationship to industry, justifies the intervention of the State and the enforcement of regulations.

Those who favour the Government ownership of railways generally advance something like the following arguments:

That railways play such an important part in the life and welfare of the community that they cannot be entrusted to private ownership, lest discrimination and various irregularities develop.

That under State ownership rates and fares can be fixed upon that scale which will best promote development and progress.

That, broadly speaking, a higher degree of justice will be accorded to communities and the public in general than under private ownership.

Here are the contentions of those who favour private ownership and operations of railways:

State-owned railways are inefficient, unprogressive and expensive, largely because of the impossibility of divorcing entirely the railway administration from the field of politics.

Officers and employees working for the State have less reason for initiative and industry than those who are employed by private corporations.

In a democracy, the more that is left to private initiative the better. State ownership is a form of paternalism heading closely upon Socialism.

Three cardinal principles

My own view is that the problem is entirely a matter of expediency in individual States. What may be necessary or desirable in one country may be quite the reverse in another.

I have been absent from Great Britain for three years, and am not sufficiently informed of the development in that time of the grouping system to express an opinion on nationalisation or any other subject.

This much I can say, that there are three cardinal principles of railway management—solvency, efficiency with reasonable rates, and adequate wages for the employees. If and when the British railways are unable to abide by any one of them, then the State must step in.

A railway which approaches insolvency is unable fully to perform its transportation obligations to the community, and becomes a menace and a deterrent to progress and development.

A railway which, though solvent, imposes rates and fares which throttle the industrial life and produces discomfort amongst its citizens cannot be permitted to pursue such a course.

If the wages paid and the working conditions imposed upon the employees are of such a



Sir Henry Worth Thornton, K.B.E.

character as to provoke strikes, and continued interruptions of traffic, again there must be some form of correction by the State.

There is another factor which bears upon the problem of State ownership of railways which is social in character. No discussion of any problem these days can be complete without it.

The unprejudiced observer cannot fail to note an increasing spirit of discontent and dissatisfaction in the masses of the public in all countries with respect to the distribution of wealth.

A changed outlook

The world, as a whole, produces sufficient to preclude the existence of hunger and misery amongst the people of any community, except, of course, when there may be occasional periods of famine; and in such cases the surplus production elsewhere should be sufficient to provide sustenance.

But in all countries, provinces and cities, there does exist in certain quarters misery, distress and hunger, and any system of distribution which permits such things is fundamentally inefficient.

It is an insufficient answer to say that suffering is the result of incompetence, or a lack of industry and enterprise, or that the average individual receives what he deserves.

The fact remains that for decades there has been a constantly increasing feeling on the part of the great body of the people that our system of distribution of wealth is wrong.

Increased taxation to the rich, income taxes, death duties—all of these things which find expression in the statutes of almost every country to-day—merely indicate the kind of evolution which is going on in the minds of the public, and, curiously enough, we accept to-day as reasonable what we regarded but yesterday as confiscation.

Evolution, not revolution

What is the responsibility which rests upon those who have it within their power to influence the minds of men?

It seems to me that it is their responsibility to so administer the affairs in their charge as to permit the advancement of social life, and the development of economic problems by evolution rather than by revolution, and, above all, to speed on the work of educating each oncoming generation, for, in a democracy, the Government can possess no greater intelligence than that which is born of the average intelligence of the electorate.

Candid Communications

To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, M.P.,
Minister of Labour.

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—I do not know what your instructions from the Cabinet are, but it seems to me perfectly futile to aim simply at a reduction in the unemployment figures, without any genuine effort to improve the position. As you must know perfectly well, the only result of this policy is to transfer the unemployed from the "dole" to the rates, many boards of guardians being at their wits' end to meet the sudden increase in their liabilities. Such trifling with human misery is as heartless as it is stupid.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Major G. C. TRYON, M.P.,
Minister of Pensions.

SIR,—I am informed that the men undergoing treatment for nerve disorders at the Ministry of Pensions Hospital at Orpington object strongly to the blue uniform which distinguishes them from other inhabitants of the village. The fact that the hospital contains none but the victims of war neurasthenia seems to have given rise to the impression that the patients are mentally unsound, and the uniform becomes an invidious badge worn only under strong protest. It occurs to me that you will be only too ready to abolish this practical grievance, so lightening the burden of a body of men deserving every sympathy.

JOHN BULL.

To Rt. Hon. Sir W. MITCHELL-THOMSON, M.P.,
Postmaster-General.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Don't for heaven's sake let us blunder into a postal strike before Christmas. After last year's fiasco the Union of Post Office Workers are perfectly entitled to put forward suggestions for the smoother working of the Christmas traffic, and to treat their representations as so much waste-paper is simply asking for trouble. If when you recently set up a committee to devise new arrangements you had admitted the union to a share in its deliberations, you would have shown a better understanding.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir GEORGE NEWMAN, M.D.,
Chief Medical Officer, Board of Education.

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—None but fools will quarrel with your statement that our annual expenditure of £1,200,000 on school medical treatment is one of the cheapest national investments. Indeed, the plain moral of your latest report is that if this expenditure were increased tenfold every penny would be repaid in the rich dividends of health. At the same time, you do well to point out that the need for school medical treatment will be reduced in exact proportion to the improvements we are able to effect in home conditions. Poverty entails an unending massacre of the innocents. If we are to save the children we must abolish the slums.

JOHN BULL.

To Viscountess ASTOR, M.P.,
St. James's Square, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—While sharing the nation's grief at the awful fate of the crew of the submarine *M 1* you are determined to turn this terrible event to good account. You are quite prepared to travel round the world and try to rouse all women on the peril of submarines. You ask, "Would it not be possible for the women of the world to say there shall be no more submarines?" I reply, it would; and if you can arouse women to their responsibility in the matter an end may be put to this diabolical weapon of warfare.

JOHN BULL.

To J. A. GORDON, Esq.,
National Coal Industry Board.

SIR,—It seems to me that you have put your finger on a serious practical defect in the working of the coal industry—namely, the fact that the working miner is too often kept in ignorance of the financial position of the colliery company which employs him. It is this atmosphere of mystery and concealment which so often breeds suspicion and resentment. A colliery company which declares its inability to pay a living wage should be compelled to justify its refusal in the eyes of the miners and the public.

JOHN BULL.

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Rev. Dr. WOOLLCOMBE,
Bishop of Whitty.

RT. REV. SIR,—Dealing with the sex problem, you state that if parents would only do their duty the difficulty would disappear. You believe that when children ask about the great facts of life they should be told not lies but the truth. The minds of little children are pure, and to them sex teaching can be presented in a perfectly beautiful way. We need to stress, not the evil and the sin, but the beauty of the life of purity. That the Church is pointing out the necessity of this teaching is a sign of hope.

JOHN BULL.

To Viscountess ERLEIGH,
Rutland Gate, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—We have centres for infants' welfare and classes for mothers galore. It is left for you to remember that every child has two parents whose responsibility should be shared. To ginger up the "daddies" you are organising lectures of instruction mainly for the male sex. It's a capital idea, and one which extended would be welcomed by every magistrate faced with the unpleasant task of dealing with juvenile delinquents.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. CALEY,
London Road, Long Sutton.

DEAR SIR,—Having completed thirty-six years' service as a postman you are about to retire on a well-earned pension. You are seventy-seven years of age, and although you have, in the course of your duties, walked 157,000 miles you have never missed one round through illness. You will be missed on your familiar beat. It is this sort of faithful service in the daily round that keeps the British Empire on its feet.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. GLOVER,
New Street, Plymouth.

DEAR SIR,—At ninety years of age, after first serving your country in the Navy, then retiring on a pension, you celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of your wedding-day. To you and your good wife I send congratulations. You are a notable illustration of the truth that the long lives of happily wedded folk are those we hear least about. But they are the backbone of British solidity all the same.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. H. H. SANDERS,
Chief Constable, Plymouth.

DEAR SIR,—In view of Mr. Justice Rowlatt's remarks upon the terrible immorality of Plymouth, the women citizens wish to see appointed half a dozen trained and educated women police to assist in the protection of girls and little children. Your opposition to so sensible a proposal is a petty display of masculine arrogance. Withdraw it, in the name of humanity and fairplay.

JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

SIR ROBERT HORNE:—"I decline to have my life ruled by Mr. Cook."

Then why do you allow Mr. Cook to rule your thoughts?

LORD CARSON:—"The common-sense of the people will direct them into paths of prudence and progress. Unless idleness on the part of their rulers bars the path."

LESLIE HORE-BELISHA, M.P.:—"We must return to Parliament as we returned to school." And, so far as appearances go, with the same distinct intention to do any real work.

LORD BALFOUR:—"This would be a most unhappy world if it were not a working world." It is becoming a most unhappy world because men cannot find work.



THE IDENTIFICATION PARADE
Bobby Bull: "Now, which one of them hit you?"
John Taxpayer: "All of them!"

Without Fear or Favour

A CIVIL SERVICE SCANDAL

Better Insurance

NEXT year the Unemployment Insurance Acts will come up for revision, and the Minister of Labour, taking time by the forelock, has recently appointed a Committee of Enquiry to consider the whole question of unemployed benefit.

The weakness of the present Acts is only too apparent. For one thing they do not nearly cover the ground, many classes of employed workers being entirely outside their scope, so that if they fall out of work they have no resource but the Poor Law.

This injustice cries aloud for a remedy. The unemployment insurance schemes must be made as broad as the whole field of industrial employment. There is hardly a single trade or occupation in which the risk of unemployment is absent, and to leave any class of workers uninsured is unsafe and unfair.

The second requirement is that the present exiguous scale of benefits should be brought up to a reasonable standard, which will meet the cost of living, and relieve the unemployed worker from the humiliating necessity of applying to the boards of guardians for supplementary allowances.

This change need not mean an unduly heavy increase in the State contribution. The employers and workers will naturally be called upon for contributory payments, and in any case the added burden on the taxpayer will be compensated by a corresponding relief to the rates.

It is to be hoped that Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland's committee is under no misapprehension as to the magnitude of the problem with which it has to deal. Its clear duty is to put forward recommendations which will enable Parliament to satisfy an insistent public demand.

Swollen Heads

RAILWAY revenue in Great Britain is down by £3,250,000 during the current year.

The railways, of course, know all about it. It is due to "general trade depression, the effects of road competition, and the present high level of wages costs."

We suggest that, however important these causes may be, there is a more important one still. We suggest, in fact, that the railways are suffering from their own haughty refusal to treat their passengers like human beings.

We have a firm belief that high fares have more to do with the matter than high wages. We fancy that lower freights would have an immediate effect in relieving trade depression.

Overcrowded in summer, comfortable in winter, inconvenient and dear—is it any wonder that the public is turning from the railways to other and more efficient means of transport?

The root of the trouble is that the railways are suffering from a perverted point of view. They are forgetting that they are the servants, and not the masters, of the public.

And the public, quite rightly, is revolting against this deluded conceit.

Fair Play for the Government Clerk

WHITEHALL is seething with revolt over the scandalous way the Civil Servants are treated. Unless there is to be an explosion the Prime Minister must put down Treasury arrogance with a firm hand

CIVIL Servants are rather enviously regarded as men who do little work, receive high rates of pay for doing it and can look forward to a secure and comfortable old age.

It is usually with astonishment, therefore, that the public learns, as it has done recently, of the existence of widespread discontent throughout the Civil Service.

Much of it is due to chronic and acute underpayment. In spite of the general impression to the contrary, the Civil Service as a whole is a thoroughly underpaid and badly treated profession.

It numbers 300,000 people. How many of the general public know that of this number over 150,000 are employed on a basic wage of less than 35s. a week?

How many of the public know that only 12 per cent. of the entire Civil Service receive a basic wage of £200 a year or over?

And that there are in the whole of this vast Service of 300,000 people only 770 jobs rising to over £1,000 a year?

The second cause is the scandalous way in which the Civil Service is administered and the failure of departments to apply the agreements reached on



The Rt. Hon. Ronald McNeill, M.P., Financial Secretary to the Treasury

LET us give an example. Some time ago it was decided by agreement on the National Whitley Council that a class to be called "writing assistants" should be employed on work of a very mechanical character. It was provided, however, that they should only be employed on such work where it existed in large, well-defined blocks—i.e., dilution was to be limited.

The agreement was sent to departments to apply. Immediately they began to disobey the restrictions. The matter was taken up with the offending departments. Their reply was that they were acting under the instructions of the Treasury, the very body which had made the agreement.

The Staff Associations then went to the Treasury through the National Council. The Treasury refused and still refuses even to discuss a matter in which its own good faith and honesty are involved.

Take another case. The Treasury recently made an agreement with the Staff Associations that there should be compulsory arbitration "on application by either party" on certain types of Civil Service disputes.

No sooner had the agreement been signed than departments began to refuse applications for arbitration by Staff Associations. Asked why they did this they said: "It is on Treasury instructions."

The associations went to the Treasury and the Treasury reply was: "We are, and intend to be, the sole interpreters of what cases shall go to arbitration or not!"

THE complaint against the Treasury is that it is dilatory in dealing with legitimate complaints; that it fobs matters off from itself to the departments, meantime controlling the departments behind the scenes; that on other matters it makes agreements with the associations and then tells the departments to disregard the agreements. In short, that its methods are the methods of a shifty lawyer.

Small wonder that the Service is up in arms. No trade union would tolerate this kind of thing in industry. No decent employer would try to do this kind of thing in industry. It wouldn't pay.

And it doesn't pay in the Service. We demand that a Government enquiry is set up forthwith to see that the servants of the State shall receive the justice they are at present denied.

Naval Shipbuilding

THE worst of being a Sea Lord is that too often you can see nothing but the sea. This seems to be the trouble with Lord Beatty who, curiously enough, seeing how large a share he had in the business, seems constantly to forget that the German fleet is at the bottom of the ocean.

This being so, it is simply madness to go on building battle-cruisers and submarines at an enormous cost as though a rival sea Power were still menacing the safety of these shores.

If we are still to pin our faith to armaments, the millions squandered on the Navy would be far better spent in strengthening the Air Force.

The skies hold the menace of the future, and, since the money we can afford to spend on warlike preparation is severely limited, it would obviously be better to concentrate on the Service which in any future war is bound in the nature of things to be our first line of defence.

Instead of this, we go on talking and listening to sentimental nonsense about the "senior Service" and the "tradition" of a supreme Navy, wholly forgetful of the fact that there is no naval menace for Great Britain to meet, no foe to be fought on blue water.

Will the Big Navy fanatics answer one simple question? Against which Power are we arming at sea? Is it against Japan or against the United States of America?

If either of these friendly nations is the object of our feverish naval preparations, then it is time the public was told the truth in order that it may judge of the necessity.

At present Great Britain, with a serviceable margin of naval safety, is building warships faster than any other country. Is anything more sinister than stupidity at work?

The Curfew

THE Surrey County Council is determined to put a stop to public dancing after midnight.

Let it not be thought that there is anything illegal about the council's action. Not a bit of it. Its decision is in strict accordance with the immemorial law of this realm. The Act of Parliament upon which it relies has the respectability of mature age; it was passed in 1752.

Probably none of the Surrey County Councillors was born quite as long ago as this, but some of them appear to be a bit old fashioned, not to say fossilised, in their views. They appear to think that midnight is an hour when all really nice people are tucked up in bed.

Modern youth, rightly or wrongly, does not share this view. It does not care what happened in 1752 or in 1852, but insists with vigour that this is 1925.

True the council cannot interfere with private dances, but only with subscription "hops" and public balls. It might be worse, but for our part we thoroughly dislike the spirit of the curfew which is the kill-joy's favourite toy.



The Rt. Hon. Sir
William Joynson-Hicks,
M.P., Home Secretary

Out With Their Names!

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

In spite of efforts by Churches and associations, the streets of our cities are parades of vice. This could be stopped by firm action on the part of the Home Secretary. Is there some reason in the background for his inactivity?

WHEREVER I have gone in my travels through the world, foreigners have said to me that they envy England her sure sense of the difference between right and wrong.

They do not say to me, "We envy you your great Empire, your tremendous wealth, and your unconquerable Fleet." They say to me, "If our people attached the same importance to right as your people do, and knew as well as your people do that wrong is shameful, we should be as great a nation as the British nation."

How is it that we differ from other nations in this manner? Why is it that our Civil Service is not corrupt, and that in all our political fierceness the idea of fair play is a governing factor?

The answer is that from the time of the Puritans the religious teaching in England has been mainly moral. Mothers have told their children, not that they must believe this dogma and disbelieve that dogma, but that they must do this good thing and not do that bad thing.

We have all been taught that to speak the truth is manly and to tell lies is cowardly. It is in our blood that honesty is right, dishonesty wrong; that justice is noble, injustice shameful; that kindness is a beautiful thing, and cruelty a devilish thing.

A noble ideal

In other words, we know with very great distinctness that a good man is a vastly different creature from a bad man, and that no language can express the difference between a good woman and a bad woman.

It is worth thinking about that, while other nations have soft and slurring names for the bad woman, we employ the hardest and the most cruel-sounding names we can invent for the woman who publicly degrades our idea of motherhood.

Now, whatever we may think of his politics, there is no doubt that our present Home Secretary is by nature and inheritance a Puritan. He looks at life, not as a Roman Catholic or as an Anglo-Catholic looks at it, but as a Puritan.

He is not interested either in the altar blazing with candles and smoking with incense, or in the silent meditation of Quaker and Mystic; but he is tremendously interested in human character and in public morality.

He wants men to be honest, women to be pure, children to be truthful. He wants England to be the country of noble character and a fighting morality; he believes passionately in moral thoroughness.

Virtue outraged

How comes it then, with a Home Secretary of this temper, whose sincerity nobody doubts, that the public scandal of our streets, their impudent temptations to a disgusting immorality and their flaunting advertisement of atrocious perversions, not merely continues to shock decency, but grows every day more insolent in its outrage of virtue?

Many years ago I was told by Scotland Yard that a Home Secretary who meant business could clear the streets of London of this most dis-

graceful scandal without going to Parliament for any fresh powers. "We only want the order," I was told, "and we'd give you a clean London to-morrow."

I made enquiries and found that this statement was strictly true. No new Act of Parliament is needed. The police have only to carry out the law as it stands, and the streets would be cleansed.

I was told that in such matters they cannot act without the authority of the Home Secretary. Why does the Home Secretary not issue that authority? To this question I received many answers, which, when examined, led to mystery.

Let me be perfectly frank with Sir William Joynson-Hicks. It is the firm conviction of many people who know the facts that the Home Office is terrorised into inaction by the profiteers of vice—the heads of an organisation which traffics in every form of sensual iniquity.

Cowardly fear

It is believed that these creatures, when threatened with police action, convey to the Home Office a list of their patrons, and that this list contains names so eminent that the Home Office dare not act. This is to say, fear of scandal ties the hands of the police, and so exposes the youth of the nation to lures and devices which are destructive of character. Fear of scandal!

If this belief is well founded, I ask Sir William Joynson-Hicks whether it is worthy of him to let so mean a fear hold him from action so great and saving? And if, in answer to that question, he replies that the belief is false, then I ask him why he does not act.

There are centres of iniquity in London such as appeared in Rome before that mighty empire collapsed in ruin. These places are known to the public. Openly and brazenly, in the sight of any man who chooses to pay a few shillings at the door, such abominations are perpetrated as make the

Mr. Baldwin is sacrificing principle to political expediency. Once again women are going to suffer

THE last Budget introducing the stocking tax hit the women pretty hard and low; the proposed textile taxes under the plea of Safeguarding of Industries may be a complete knock-out.



Mr. James McCulloch

The average woman does not realise that, garbed in the innocent dress of "an enquiry into the worsted trade," coats, costumes and children's frocks will all become taxable articles. Familiar materials, like serges, gabardines, repps, kashas and velours come within the scope of the proposed duty.

The textile trade is getting ready to reap the harvest. Bradford prices have already advanced at the bare prospect of protection. It is easy to guess what will happen if the ramp comes off. The women will pay every time they buy a ready-made frock or a length of dress material; but the Government won't get all the money.

stomach retch even to think of them. The toleration shown to such atrocious vice staggers me.

When I heard about one of these places, and learned that the public had been told of it, and that it still persists, I was filled with despair. It made me doubt whether we have not become so tolerant, so cowardly, and so careless that we no longer feel iniquity to be degrading, and goodness essential to our safety. Even now, with this fear mastered, I cannot feel that our national conscience has the vigour of a great nation.

Foundations undermined

I have some reason to believe that Sir William Horwood, one of the best men who ever ruled over Scotland Yard, would gladly make an end of these evils.

Therefore, I suggest to Sir William Joynson-Hicks that he should go most thoroughly into the matter with Sir William Horwood, and, fearing no frown from exalted quarters, and no hysterics from his colleagues and supporters, should firmly put an end to a scandal which cries to heaven.

Let him realise that the glaring advertisement of vice in our public streets, and the freedom with which its organisers carry on their iniquitous obscenities, are things utterly revolting to conscience, and things which strike at the very roots of English character.

Let him also consider whether the fullest possible exposure of the worst conceivable scandal may not be necessary to shock the nation out of its present apathy regarding this particular form of vice.

If he will take a walk through London streets, asking himself how these things would have struck Cromwell and Milton, he may come to the conclusion that a very strange tolerance of vice has taken the place in the modern Englishman's mind of that fighting and conquering enthusiasm for moral rightness which laid the foundation of English character.

A Knock-Out

The fine which is imposed on the foreigner when he brings the goods which you want to your ports will, of course, be collected by the Customs officials and remitted, less expenses, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The extra profit which the home manufacturer can charge when his competitors abroad have been sufficiently discouraged will go into the pocket of the manufacturer.

THE blunt Yorkshiremen who are arranging the deal do not, of course, state the argument so bluntly. Their trade is in danger. They want to save it, and above all else, they want to take the men in Bradford off the "dole." Would it be too rude to suggest that they themselves are to blame very largely for its sad plight?

They knew before the War that conditions were altering. They knew that soft draping textures were taking the place of the hard, bright fabrics. They knew that these textiles were produced by a method of spinning different from the one to which they were accustomed.

They had a respite and a chance during the War. The enforced protection of that period resulted in some preposterous profiteering. They want another chance to profiteer, but they are

The Water Rats

by A. G. GARDINER

THE signing of the Treaty of Locarno is a great step towards peace; but it is only a step. Before the menace of war is eclipsed the treaty must be followed by the nations agreeing to universal disarmament



The Rt. Hon. Austen Chamberlain, M.P., who successfully negotiated the Locarno Treaty

THERE will be a great historic event in London on Tuesday next. It may, and I hope will, in the eyes of the historian of the future be regarded as the happiest event in European annals. That is saying much; but if it is not that, then it is nothing at all.

If the meeting of the nations in London next Tuesday to sign the Locarno Treaties does not mean the turning-over of a new leaf in international relationship, it is a sham. I do not believe it will be a sham. I am certain it will not be a sham if we are all honest, if we are sensible, and if we know what is good for us.

What, in a word, is the ostensible intention of next Tuesday's ceremony? In what way does this treaty differ from other treaties that have been signed in London, in Paris and elsewhere?

It differs from all other treaties in this respect: it is an agreement by all the great Powers in Europe, except Russia, to outlaw war.

No treaty in history has ever attempted this heroic measure. If we can bring it off we have solved the problem of Europe for ever. We have laid the foundation-stone of the United States of Europe.

The game of pretence

We have made war as unthinkable in our own continent as it is in the continent of North America. To bring this about we are undertaking a tremendous liability. It is a wise liability if the treaty holds; it is a disastrous liability if it fails.

Now, there is a very simple test of whether we are all in earnest, or whether we are only making believe, whether we trust one another in this great matter or whether we are only pretending to trust one another. That test is disarmament.

The treaty to be signed next Tuesday will be the greatest event in history or the most hollow sham in history, just according to whether it stands this test or fails to stand it.

This depends as much on our good faith as on the good faith of our co-signatories. I think it depends more. If any country is in a position to give the moral leadership to Europe it is this country. We have a greater interest in world peace than anyone because we live by world trade, and world trade, as we know to-day, cannot co-exist with war.

We have also taken the terrific step of assuming the "watch on the Rhine" as a guarantee of our desire for peace. Hence we have everything to lose by failure; everything to gain by success. What follows?

Action better than words

We have willed the end. We must will the means. We must show that we have faith in the treaty by our actions. If our actions deny our words, then it would be a thousand times better that the treaty should not be signed next Tuesday.

Let us look at the matter from a single point. The tragedy of the *M 1* has created a deep sorrow in the public heart, and an urgent disquiet in the public mind. Mr. Mackinnon, the chairman of Lloyd's, has expressed that disquiet in the plea he has made for the abolition of the submarine. It is a plea with which every humane mind will sympathise.

The submarine is one of those devilries of war which, like poison-gas, is an insult to humanity. If we heard that every submarine had been scrapped and that Europe had agreed to prohibit the building of another, we should all rejoice.

What stands in the way? The difficulty, we are told, is France. She stood out against a wholesale reduction of submarines at the Washington Conference, and incurred a remarkable rebuke from Lord Balfour on the subject. He pointed out that the French refusal could only be construed as an act unfriendly to and distrustful of this

country. That is true, and I do not defend France in the matter.

But it is not the whole story. We have to remember what is in the mind of France. She says something like this:

"Suppose a time should come when we should fall out with Great Britain. What would be our position? Britain has a navy more powerful than all the rest of the navies of Europe. That navy can blockade our shores. The submarine is the only defence we can put up against that menace. It is the weapon of the weaker sea Power. We cannot forgo that weapon until—"

We cannot deny that there is reason in this. France wants security against the dominant sea Power on the one side just as she wants security against the dominant land Power on the other. And if Locarno is a reality she has the best security ever given to any nation.

Land rats and water rats

But to prove that Locarno is a reality, we must act in a way that shows we believe in it. It is not enough for us to say: "Now we can all cut down our armies on a certain ratio. We are all going to be good boys and stop rattling our sabres at one another. Let us show we mean business by breaking our sabres. Let us disarm on land."

"That is excellent," says France, "but why stop at disarmament on land? Wars are made on sea as well as on land. There be land rats and there be water rats. If Locarno is a good enough guarantee on which to disarm on land, it is a good enough guarantee on which to disarm at sea."

"You ask us to agree to abolish our submarines. You ask us to cut down our air navy. Yes, but those things are our only weapons in the unlikely event that we shall fall out with you."

"If you believe that the Locarno agreement will make that unlikely event impossible, will you not express your confidence in action? Will you not give us a lead by reducing that vast navy which is far more dominant in Europe to-day than the Kaiser's army was?"

Irreconcilable policy

What answer is there to these questions? We are all acclaiming Locarno as the greatest step ever taken towards permanent European peace. We take off our hats to Mr. Chamberlain and the Government for their part in making that solemn meeting next Tuesday possible.

But meanwhile what do we see? The same Government entering on a vast, costly, provocative policy at Singapore, and embarking this country on the expenditure of over fifty millions sterling in the construction of a new and mighty fleet of warships, and this at a time when the naval sky is more clear from menace than it has ever been.

How can we defend this? How can Mr. Chamberlain reconcile it with the spirit of Locarno? If that spirit is to prevail, this country must show that it is not playing a game of "Heads I win; tails you lose."

For Women

By JAMES McCULLOCH
A textile trader and student of Politics

not entitled to it at the expense of the kiddies' dresses.

They might, and should, have used their surpluses then to modernise their plant. Had they done so, they would not be begging for help to-day.

There is no denying the fact that the stress is greater than ever before. Bradford prices are high, because of the burdens we are carrying as a nation. Increased taxation will not lighten the load.

Competition is more severe on account of the constantly depreciating tariffs and the low wages of the Continental workers, but the imposition of a tariff here will not raise the French weavers' wages from the 150 francs per week, equal to 2s. sterling, or increase the value of the franc.

BRADFORD should cheapen prices by putting her own house in order. They are governed by tariffs now imposed by the dyers' monopoly. The Bradford Dyers' Association has just declared 25 per cent. on its ordinary capital and distributed bonus shares to the tune of £500,000 approximately. They charge 10d. per yard, whereas the corresponding dyers' syndicate in Roubaix only gets 5d. for a similar article.

If the Bradford dyers can get a tariff, they can go on making exorbitant profits, but it would be better for all of us if this monopoly had its power reduced.

Of course, we have forgotten the men on the "dole." This tariff is specially designed for their benefit. Surely it would help?

In Bradford for a time, yes; but if the clerk's wife in London has to pay more for her dress, unless the clerk has been compensated by a rise in wages, she would probably go without a pair of stockings or make her boots last longer.

A POUND will only make twenty shillings' worth of demand, neither more nor less. Taxes may change the locality of the job, but never the number of jobs. Taxes reduce the purchasing power of the pound, and for that reason can never increase prosperity or employment.

We are risking too much for the sake of a little temporary prosperity. We should not trust entirely to politicians. Mr. Baldwin knows how uncertain they are.

Mr. Baldwin's own promise not to impose a general tariff is in danger of being the next sacrifice on the altar of political expediency. A strong and united protest from women might save his soul and keep the dressmaker's account as before.

RULE BY CORRUPTION

by ESME WINGFIELD-STRATFORD, D.Sc., M.A. (ex-Fellow King's, Cambridge)

THE whole resources of the country are being used to secure protection against anarchy. But there are other perils from which protection is more necessary, which, uness countered, will prove to be the worst enemy of all



Miss Douglas-Pennant

In spite of frantic efforts to hush it up, the country is at last getting to know the true story of Miss Douglas-Pennant's disgrace and dismissal, how the dark and sinister forces behind the scenes were mobilised to break a public servant of tried capacity, whose only fault was that she had dared to run one of the war services with a single eye to the public interest, and with knees unbowed to the Baal of jobbery.

Redress refused

It is known how, despite repeated appeals, any candid investigation of her case has been cynically refused, how a committee of the House of Lords actually had the effrontery to restrain her from calling her own witnesses unless, forsooth, she, who had been already ruined by the expenses of her defence, would be prepared to foot the full bill of the enquiry at a few odd thousands a day!

And, to crown all, we have had the lamentable spectacle of a Prime Minister, whom the country has accepted for its type of the downright, plain-dealing Englishman, solemnly proclaiming that, though he could find no fault with Miss Pennant's record, he had no intention of allowing her case to be reopened.

But why multiply instances? Those who are determined to believe, till the crash comes, that all is for the best are impervious to conviction. But those who have still eyes to see must needs feel dire apprehension at this canker that is eating the very heart of our State.

It is the peril from within, and not the Bolshevik, or any other peril from without, that we have to fear.

Justice must prevail

In our own hands lies the remedy. We are blind because it is inconvenient to see; we are apathetic because we lack the spirit to bestir ourselves. And yet, while we stand idle, those who batten on our country's need when men were dying by bullets, continue so to do when men are dying by starvation.

Is it too late, even now, to turn and face reality, the petty and infinitely sordid reality that persists not by its own strength, but by our lack, yours and mine, of courage, of moral principle, of the determination that justice and fair dealing shall not perish from among us?

IN England the suspicion has been on. It is consoling to believe that by some mystic process what is sown in corruption is raised in incorruption and efficiency, that Parliament and the public services are run by gentlemen who would condescend to no sort of dirty work. But then, from time to time, crop up scandals of a kind which it is hard to reconcile with the most elastic standards of gentlemanly behaviour.

Smothered in whitewash

Some of us have still long enough memories to reach back to the famous Marconi scandal of 1913 in which it was demonstrated that, by the most charitable reading of the facts, Ministers in highest office could display a lack of delicacy in the matter of investments that might have made Gladstone and Disraeli turn in their graves.

Strangest of all was the way in which the whole affair was finally smoothed over—an enquiry by the House of Lords that threatened to raise the question of the Party funds was almost ostentatiously smothered in whitewash.

The War, which gave power and scope to every evil influence, did at least afford the common man some inkling of a state of things that had, for long, been the common gossip of clubland.

There is nothing more tragic in our history than the gradual killing and chilling of the enthusiasm that had rallied the millions to what was, for them, a veritable crusade. Long before the signing of the Armistice, corruption and influence, with their handmaids, apathy and muddle, had done their work.

It was under no illusion of a crusade that our lads went forward to the final advance; it was a nation hardened to cynicism that applauded the skin game of Versailles. Orderlies and telegraphists, whose tongues were loosened in the canteen, got to talking of jobs and scandals that went on, almost as a matter of routine, at the back of the front.

Conscientiousness bad form

And it became pretty generally understood that subordinates tactless enough to have a conscience about such things might find other things of a more directly unpleasant nature happening to them.

Such grotesque instances as that of a soldier clerk, who refused to connive at some job of a superior, being shipped home from a distant station as a madman, herded with lunatics, and only released, with official regrets, after ample leisure to reflect on the insanity of being righteous overmuch!

Only since time has in one or two places frayed the curtain of secrecy, those of us who are not wilfully blind have been able to realise what a spirit went forth, not before but behind the armies that fought to end war.

It has been proclaimed from the house-tops how, during that critical spring of 1918, when the fate of the Empire seemed to hang in a balance that the least mistake might have tilted against us, posts of supreme importance were being filled for motives that one forbears, for very shame, to specify.

We know, too, how during those dreadful months, service of a very different order, loyal and able and self-effacing, could be rewarded when it came into conflict with influence.

We all know the type of story in which we are introduced into surroundings of the most commonplace respectability, and in which everything goes forward smoothly, except that from time to time some seeming trivial event occurs that we cannot fit into the scheme, some hint of a sinister reality whose existence is gradually borne in upon us, until the stark catastrophe comes almost as a relief.

It is just such a story in which we have been living during the last few decades. We have taken from our newspapers the tale of successive Governments, representing certain principles and armed with popular mandates to carry out certain defined programmes.

A rude awakening

We have accepted the triangular contest of Parties as if it were as straight and above-board an affair as a test match or the boat race. We have taken our newspapers for what they profess to be, organs of public opinion, and if prejudiced at least as honestly prejudiced as their readers.

It is, on the whole, a very safe and straightforward serial plot that we have watched developing, and to those who hint of an unsolved mystery, and even of a catastrophe in some not very distant instalment, we turn a deaf ear.

Yet strange things will keep obtruding themselves from time to time that, try as we will, we are unable to fit in with this comforting version we have been brought up to believe in, uncomfortable things on which it is not good form to dwell.

There is the notorious fact that the funds by which the Party game has been kept going have been recruited by a system of shameless corruption; that peerages and other honours have, year in, year out, been bestowed on wretches shameless enough to pay cash down for handles to their name, until a title of any recent date has become less frequently a recognition of public services than a brand of snobbery.

Jobbery and snobbery

It is notorious that no Party has dared to invite or countenance so simple a test of clean-mindedness as that involved in a public audit of those funds to which their trusting supporters are invited to contribute. It is significant, to say the least of it, that ventilation of these matters in Press and Parliament has been consistently discouraged.

But to make the most obvious deduction from admitted facts, even to whisper the word "corruption," is taste of that kind which conscientious publicists invariably brand as "execrable," while to take any sort of public action upon them is quite unthinkable.

All this, however, is vaguely condoned as being somehow part of the game of getting the King's Government carried

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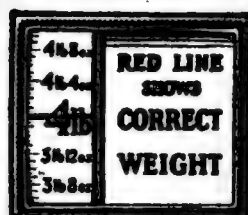
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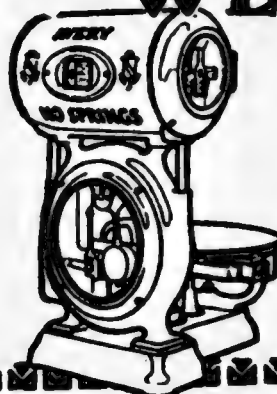
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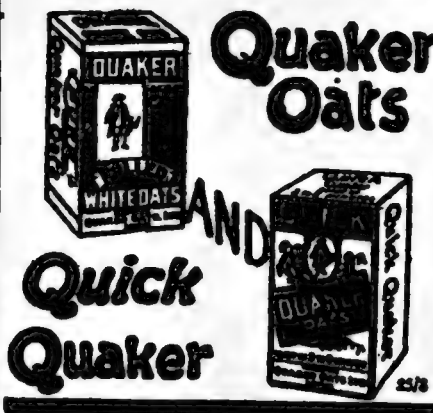
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THE VICAR'S NIGHTMARE

CLERGYMEN'S WIVES DRIVEN TO SIN

by LADY MARION WELLER

BY their unreasoning and illogical attitude on the divorce question, Bishops of the Church of England are virtually forcing some wives of clergymen, if not the husbands themselves, into a life of immorality.

They refuse to permit a vicar or curate in their diocese, with domestic troubles, to find a solution in the divorce court. He may obtain a separation order only.

We of the lay public know what that leads to. The wife who has erred cohabits with her lover and children are born under the shadow of shame and illegitimacy. The husband can never re-marry and both lives are shattered.

There is no fixed rule in the Church, and a clergyman with the support of an influential patron, or whose Bishop is a broad-minded man, may obtain a divorce with impunity.

But woe betide him if he has to fight his battle alone against a Bishop who believes that the marriage tie may be broken in spirit and fact by a separation order but not in the letter by divorces.

Narrow-minded bigotry

Many years ago a clergyman divorced his wife under most distressing circumstances. The case was undefended. Previous to the divorce he did his utmost to bring his wife back. His father, his brother and many others, including an Archdeacon, pressed him to take this momentous step. The clergyman was left with a tiny child, aged two and a half.

Since the divorce he has lived in a veritable nightmare of misery. In consequence of the narrowness and bigotry of a great number of Churchmen, he has never been able to remain in one place for any length of time. All preferment has been denied him, although this wretched divorce happened over eighteen years ago.

Heserved in the Army during the War,

afterwards having a temporary post in the public service, but he finds it impossible to obtain any settled or definite work in his profession.

The authorities of the Church of England are constantly reminding him of his dreadful deed, although he has splendid testimonials from every parish he has ministered to.

Owing to the break in his ministry and the divorce, the authorities are still withholding the legal licence.

Dissension within

It has been intimated to him that he should never have had his marriage dissolved, and that he should have applied for and obtained a judicial separation—in other words, he should have allowed his wife not only to go on living in a state of sin, but the children could never have been legitimated.

It is passing strange that a man who has done no wrong, except in the minds of prejudiced, bigoted and uncharitable persons, should be refused a definite and permanent sphere of employment when the S.O.S. messages are being broadcast for experienced clergy.

It is admitted that the Bishops and the clergy have the most diverse views about the marriage question, as about many other vital matters. One party within the ambit of the Establishment teaches that marriage is a sacrament and is, therefore, indissoluble.

Another teaches that marriage is not a sacrament, but a contract, which can be broken and the innocent party should be allowed to re-marry. Another would allow both the innocent and the guilty parties to do so.

There are clergy who have the audacity to refuse Holy Communion to persons who are divorced and re-married, and there are numerous cases where such scandals have taken place.



Canon Barnes, who has broadminded views on the divorce problem.

The Church of England is driving, by her un-Christlike action, many of her best sons and daughters out of her fold. If the authorities are unable to abide by the law of the land, then the only alternative for them, in all honesty, is to join the Roman Catholic Church, which speaks with one undivided voice and one authority on this great question.

Picking and choosing

Surely a man must be a loyal citizen first, obeying the laws of his country. He cannot conscientiously break the laws he likes and throw overboard those he does not like; otherwise he could break any law which suited his purpose.

Official Confidence Tricksters

by FRANK BRIANT, M.P.

IN the past the long hours for which shop assistants worked constituted a scandal, and, indeed, now their hours sometimes amount to eleven or twelve in the day. I therefore welcome the limitation prescribed in the Shop Hours Act. Indeed, I introduced an almost similar Bill in the House of Commons, which was talked out by that ingenious obstructor, Lord Banbury, then Sir Frederick Banbury.

This, however, does not lessen my disgust at the methods by which shopkeepers are tempted to break the law, and are then prosecuted. We have had too much in recent years of the *agent provocateur* both in these and in other cases.

The amounts involved in the sales are generally trivial, and the shopkeepers appear to be actuated by kindness and courtesy more than by any desire to obtain financial profit by breaches of the law.

I BELIEVE in its observance and enforcement as much as anyone, but to tempt and then prosecute appears to me to be eminently un-English and against all the spirit of justice. We have had to go to a foreign language to even find the proper name for those who offer inducement for infraction of the law.

What would be thought of a police-officer who gave a man sufficient drink to get drunk and then arrested him on the charge of intoxication. The general

verdict would be that the officer, and not the person charged, should be punished, although admitting the foolishness of the victim.

In a recent case it was stated that an inspector, posing as an ordinary purchaser, bought some sweets, which constituted a legal sale, and then whispered that he wanted a packet of cigarettes, with which he was supplied. On this evidence a prosecution was carried through and a conviction obtained.

KNOWING the law, the seller was undoubtedly unwise, but personally I feel that the tempter was the real offender. Many a perfectly innocent man may be inveigled into a punishable offence if public opinion sanctions the inducement to infractions of the law by those who are responsible for its enforcement.

Only a few days ago a woman carrying on a small general shop was asked after ordinary hours to sell a little tea to a woman who posed as an ordinary customer. The shopkeeper refused, on which the "customer" plaintively urged the sale on the ground that she had "run out of tea." On a further refusal the would-be purchaser left.

She was watched, however, and seen to meet a man, who there is every reason to believe was one of those in charge of the enforcement of the Shop Hours Act.

Who would dream of approving the temptation of a lad to steal in order to see if he cannot resist, and then the same individual undertaking the prosecution and providing the evidence.

One can understand the indignation of a trader who described it as "back-handed business" and another who complained of the agent as a "confidential trafficker." The new motto seems to be "Lead them into temptation and deliver them to evil."

I hope magistrates will express their opinion strongly in any future cases. The law is in many particulars anomalous, and it requires careful vigilance to avoid breaking it. This is no excuse for deliberately leading shopkeepers into breaches for the sole purpose of conviction.

SURELY the ingenuity of the inspectors is sufficient to find evidence against offenders without themselves assisting the offences. I am not a lawyer, but I had thought it was an offence to induce, or attempt to induce, others to commit breaches of the law. There is nothing more dangerous to the cause of justice than to bring it into contempt by mean and shady practices.

If these methods do not cease, steps will have to be taken to bring the pressure of Parliament to bear on those responsible, and the Home Secretary might well issue a warning circular to those concerned.



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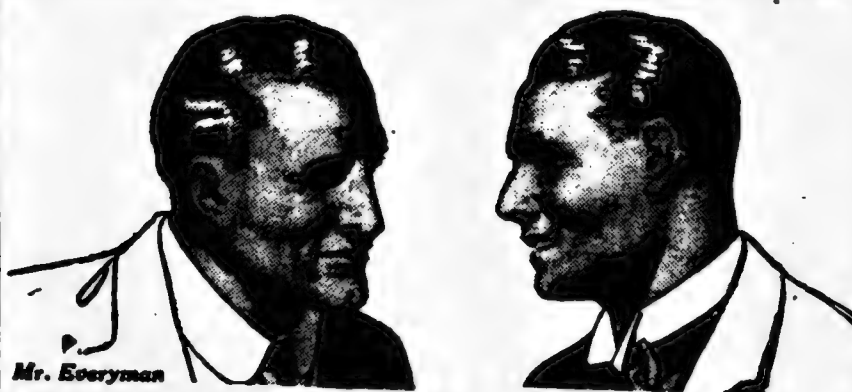
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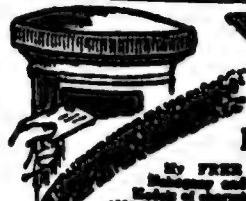


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MY FREE BARGAIN LIST

In Sunshine Ward

THE SUICIDE'S WIFE

Seven Years of Agony

by PHILIP INMAN

G. K. CHESTERTON once said, "We can all stand a thunder-storm provided we do not get struck by the lightning, but it is the dull grey monotonous day that robs life of its zest and glamour."

These words were in my mind all through yesterday. I had commenced my day by listening to one of those human stories which pulsate with pathos and poignancy. Here it is:

Some years ago a man, living in Peterborough, had, under the stigma of disgrace, ended his life, leaving a widow and five children under the age of twelve unprovided for. Pluckily the woman set about the task of reconstruction. Her children were to be the lodestar which would light up the rough road.

THE story of that widow's struggle in order to make ends meet sounds more like fantastic fiction than sober fact. Whilst it was yet dark, she would go in the early hours of the morning, with a lantern as her only light, to scrub gravestones. Caretaker of an institute, cleaner of offices, a taker-in of other people's washing—nothing was too menial for her to do in order that her children might not go short.

How she succeeded is seen in that her

four boys now occupy positions of responsibility and honour.

It was when the mother had reached what should have been an easier stage in life that there fell upon her the greatest sorrow of all. Her only girl, twenty-three years of age, had a love affair which ended in tragedy. It was followed by a nervous breakdown in which she began to suffer from delusions.

THE cruellest blow of all was that she turned against the mother who would have given her last drop of blood to save her. For seven long years this Peterborough woman drank of life's bitter cup without a murmur. As the days passed, her daughter's mind became more clouded. She made all kinds of accusations against her mother.

One afternoon she threw a cup of tea in her face shouting, "I know it, you are trying to poison me, but you won't." Another day, she rushed from the house screaming that she was being tortured.

When someone suggested the girl would be better off in a home, the mother replied, "If they take her they must take me as well."

But even the most painful experiences cannot endure for ever. Just a month

ago it seemed as if the breaking-point had been reached. The girl's bodily condition deteriorated and mentally, too, she became worse.

Things had reached such a pass that if the mother entered the room she broke into a paroxysm of rage. So through a curtain in the doorway the elder woman watched and waited.

The other day the patient fell into a long sleep. It seemed almost as if unconsciousness had settled upon her. But when her brother went into the room she awoke. Immediately he saw that a change had come over her. For the first time in many years she greeted him with a smile and pleadingly she asked that her mother might come to her.

Of course the mother came and on her face was a joy past telling. "I am here, my child," she cried, grasping the hand outstretched to her. "And you will never leave me," entreated the girl. "Never, never," came the eager response.

SO the reconciliation became complete. Not one word was spoken of the years of deluded estrangement, but only of their love. All the heartache and the loneliness were forgotten and the mother and her daughter found their peace in "Sunshine Ward."

The Sentence of the Court

Smack for a "Mac"

A Lawyer Seeking Limelight

CHARGED with making himself a common or garden nuisance by barking and yapping in the Press, the House of Commons and other public places, F. A. Macquisten, K.C., M.P., pleaded "Not guilty" in an accent redolent of haggis and the Shorter Catechism.

"Little would be known of the accused," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "if he had not taken the precaution of drawing attention to himself in the manner complained of. He is not the only obscure M.P. with a bee in his top-hat."

"Mr. Macquisten's pet bee is the Political Levy Bill, the object of which is to prevent trade unions using part of their funds for political purposes. Mr. Baldwin having refused to waste public time over a question which is at once academic and needlessly provocative, the accused has tabled his unwanted Bill as a private member's measure."

"That he should receive a certain amount of die-hard support was only

to be expected, but there is no chance of his time-wasting tactics serving any ends other than those of embarrassing the Government and embittering trade unionists."

"The political levy is to the Labour Party what more questionable financial expedients, such as the sale of coronets, are to the older Parties."

"For a rich Party temporarily in power to seek to weaken the financial resources of its political opponents would be an act of tyranny and politronery, and no weeping of crocodile tears over mythical outrages inflicted on the consciences of hypothetical Tory workmen could disguise this unpleasant fact."

Mr. Strawsplitter said that whereas the older Parties did not compel anyone to buy a peerage, the payment of a political levy by trade unionists was practically compulsory. But for the money acquired in this way, the Labour Party could never have achieved its

present powerful position, and politics might still be a pastime for gentlemen.

"I AM unable to appreciate the logic of persons like the prisoner," said Mr. Justice Bull, "for while insisting that Parliamentary action is the only proper method, they do their worst to make Parliamentary action impossible."

"The conscience-stricken Tory trade unionist, whose sorry plight the prisoner cannot contemplate without emotion, can 'contract out' of the political levy; but trade unionists, whether Tory or Labour supporters, who receive substantial benefits as a result of trade union political action, should be, and usually are, the last to object to paying toward the cost of gaining such benefits."

"The prisoner is a private member who has become a public nuisance, and, although the sentence I am about to impose may seem severe to a Scot, I cannot do less than fine him 6s. 8d. without the option of imprisonment."

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND



While year by year in Europe here
To find the cash we're saving,
The gold we send Sam doesn't spend,
But simply keeps on saving.



Who uses to send this 'prince of greed'
Who calls for more and more?
Why, all the fare he's gorging there
Is paid for by the poor!



Thrust from the door to roam once more,
The landscape bleak and wild,
The hapless pair stand weeping there—
The mother and the child.



Enjoy your evenings

One of the great pleasures of life is to spend a happy evening with friends at home. There is a keenness on the part of everybody to make things a success.

With the coming of broadcasting, I so saw the advantages of radio music for such occasions, but my first attempts were a failure. Somehow my set would not rise to the occasion. Impure reproduction and lack of volume spoilt the anticipated enjoyment.

To-day, I can invite my friends with pride to spend a wireless evening at my home. The problem of that little extra power with purity that makes all the difference in the world was solved by a MASTER VALVE.

You, too, can enjoy full pure radio reception if you demand



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NOW ONLY 8/- each.
Largest V.R. 26 gives complete information.
Ask your nearest dealer.

Adm. The Mullard Wireless Service Co., Ltd.,
Batham, London, S.W.12.

Sip it - Drink it - Drain it —and home through the cold protected!

Jolly evening—jolly people—jolly everything
Jolly cold journey home afterwards though—leaving the lights
and laughter, and facing the night air
That's when a warming glass of Stone's Ginger Wine fits in just right
—"Sip it, Drink it, Drain it," and home through the cold protected.

STONE'S GINGER WINE

Famous
since
1740



Scotch Ale Toasts ... by Father William.

Here's your jolly good health, Sir Knight of the Rod,
Whether you angle for Trout or for Cod;
May your catch always measure the size of a whale,
Here's fisherman's luck, Sir, in Younger's Scotch Ale.

"Wonderful ale" is what nine out of ten say when they taste Wm. Younger's Scotch Ale. It has kept its national popularity because it is the finest malt liquor brewed. Just the ideal drink for a chilly day.

William Younger's Scotch Ale

Brewed in Edinburgh

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do regular cigarette smokers select Kensitas?

Reason 1

Kensitas are made from pure ripe Virginia Tobacco and only selected leaves at that.

Reason 2

Kensitas tobacco is "stripped" by hand. The stalk (which tastes bitter) is removed.

Reason 3

Sand and dust which are present in all tobacco leaf and cause sore throats, are removed by vacuum suction and sifting processes.

Reason 4

Kensitas tobacco quality never varies in spite of continually increasing demand.

Reason 5

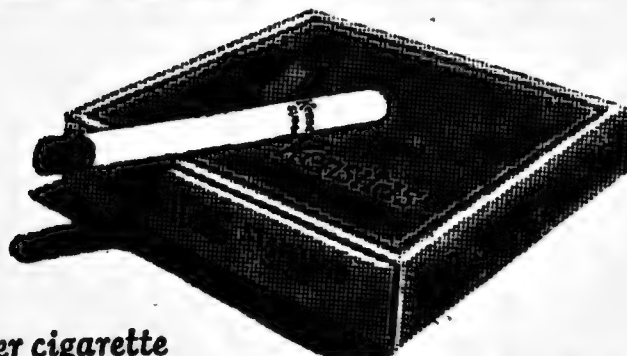
Kensitas are made with pure British tasteless paper.

Reason 6

Kensitas are all value. There are no pictures, prizes or other inducements which must be paid for at the expense of tobacco quality.

Reason 7

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A better cigarette
from better tobacco

20 for 1/-

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Words Winged to Women

THE WIDOW'S MITE

A Tricky Act to Watch

by MABEL HORNER

Take, for instance, clause 19. Put into simple language this ensures that a woman, if her husband is over seventy years of age on January 4 (the date when the Act comes into operation), and he dies thereafter, can only get a widow's pension if she has a child under the age of fourteen. How many old widows have children under that age?

Anomalous provisions

The pensions which will be given to insured persons at sixty-five years of age do not begin until January 2, 1928. It may be that women, for whom so much was hoped by the passing of a Widows Pensions Bill, will before that time combine and bring about an alteration.

Meanwhile, the woman who is under seventy years of age, and who loses her husband between now and January 4 next, will get no widow's pension. Nor, since her husband has no opportunity of contributing under the new scheme, will she be entitled to the benefits of the sixty-five-year-old pension.

Willy-nilly she must wait until she, too, is worn out at seventy. Unless, of course, she has had the foresight to become the mother of a child under fourteen years of age, when she will get the pension until the child is fourteen, and no longer.

A woman who has married a man over sixty, since April 25 last, will, if he dies, only get a widow's pension if she has a child under fourteen or if her term of married life lasted more than three years.

Young women are to be firmly discouraged from marrying old men in the hope of obtaining pensions. Let women take the insult for what it is worth.

For the rest, the forms of application, obtainable at any post-office or from the nearest National Insurance Inspector, are quite clear. The widow who is entitled



The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., Minister of Health, who will administer the Widows' Pensions Act

to the 10s. pension on January 5 next is the widow of an insured man who is left to fend for a child or children, or even a stepchild, under the age of fourteen years.

Bad start, better finish

These widows should make their applications without delay. Insured women qualify in exactly the same way and at the same age as men.

The principle of widows' pensions as a human right is conceded by every political Party represented in the House of Commons. If its first presentation is inadequate, it is at least a beginning, and no one should know better than the electors themselves that they and they only have the full power to set it right.

The Cancer Bogey

by DR. MARIE STOPES (President of the Society for Constructive Birth Control and Racial Progress, Author of "Married Love")

THERE is a process called by learned psychologists "rationalisation." In plain English this means humbugging yourself and others by finding "scientific proof" for prejudices which you fancy and wish to hold.

This "rationalisation" ought not to crop up in the pronouncements of leaders of thought; but it does.

A flagrant case of this mental process has just occurred. Dr. Hastings Gilford, a former Hunterian professor of the Royal College of Surgeons, lecturing to the Royal Institute of Public Health in London on cancer, is reported as saying:

"With short hair, skirts little longer than kilts, narrow hips, insignificant breasts, there has arrived a confident, active, game-loving, altogether capable human being who shuns the servitude of household occupations. With her smaller, lithier, more ornamental figure and greater adaptability, she has ousted the less capable or less fortunate men out of their occupations into the dolorous parasitic ranks of the unemployed."

WHAT sex bias is here revealed! It prepares one to discount his following remarks and conclusion that "in general the chief cause of this form of cancer is that they do not bear children at an earlier age and in larger numbers."

DR. STOPES is making every endeavour to reply to readers' queries, but owing to the enormous number received, delay is inevitable. Correspondence addressed to her at this office will be dealt with if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

The bogey of "It causes cancer" has from time to time been whispered against birth control; here it is in the open.

IF not bearing children were really the cause of women having cancer, what is the cause of men having cancer? Isn't it a funny thing that for a good many years past the proportion of women who get cancer has not increased at anything like the proportion of men who get this disease?

Moreover, it is well known to scientific pathologists that some forms of cancer are more common in women who have had many children than in those who have not.

If it were true (which it is not) that not bearing children in large numbers causes cancer in women, what have the Churches and the education councils to say about it? How would they dare to uphold the celibacy of women teachers of nuns and of other women?

Do they say, "You must marry and

have children because otherwise you will have cancer?" Of course, they do not.

That kind of argument is on a par with that of a woman who wrote to me in great distress: She had used a simple contrivance one day and "it had given her cancer" the very next.

Now even the most ignorant person ought to know that cancer takes several months to develop, sometimes years, and that nothing any mortal person can do can possibly develop it within twenty-four hours. What the use of the birth control method did was to reveal the presence of cancer which had been growing and developing unsuspected.

Nevertheless, in this woman's ignorant circles, and also in the biased circles beyond her own horizon, people who "rationalise" against birth control quote her case as proving it a source of cancer.

IT is true that there are cases of women who find on using birth-control methods that they have already got cancer, but let them be thankful it was shown up so that it might be operated on.

I can assure the readers of this paper that they need not hesitate to trust to proper scientific contraception, and they can just blow on one side the cancer bogey that has been erected in the path of progress in humane motherhood.

Men!

FREE
Half large size
tubeThe
Greatest offer
ever made

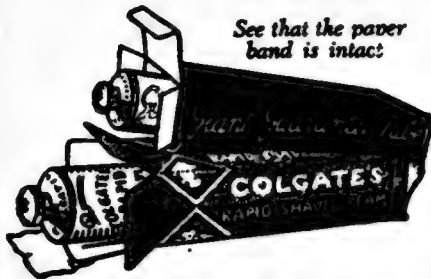
TO induce you to try Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream we will give you, while they last, a free guarantee tube, half size, with every large size tube. Use the guarantee tube first. Give it a trial, a good hard trial, a fair trial.

If it is not as we describe it, take the large size tube back to your chemist and he will refund your money.

Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream softens the beard at the base next the skin, and gives you the most delightful shave you ever had.

Go to your chemist and make sure of your package to-day. If he cannot supply you send 1/3 direct to Colgate & Co., 46-47 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

PRICE 1/3

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band is intactCOLGATE'S
RAPID SHAVE CREAM

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First Prize, £100.

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- (3) GERANIUM; (4) SWEET PEA;
- (5) CARNATION; (6) DAFFODIL;
- (7) VIOLET; (8) WALLFLOWER.

EXAMPLE.—If "Daffodil" is your first choice, put the figure 6 in the first space, until each space bears a number.

The Prizes will be awarded to those Competitors who have placed the eight flowers in their correct or most nearly correct order as compared with the result of the mass vote.

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN

Cash Prizes will be awarded as follows:

1st PRIZE	£100	10 Prizes	at £2 10s.
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3rd Prize	£25	Also 100 Cameras at 13s. 6d.	
4th Prize	£10	350 Handsome Boxes of Chocolates.	
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The price and quality of our Crackers have not been altered by reason of this competition.

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From the side of any box of Caley's Crackers cut off a "Contents Label," and attach one to every attempt. You can send in as many attempts as you wish, providing each attempt is accompanied by a "Contents Label." Any attempt, or extra attempts, can be written on plain paper.

Start at once and send in your entries early. Several entries may be enclosed in the same package if desired, but no competitor will be

allowed to take more than one prize. The latest date for posting is January 9th, 1926. See the full postage is paid, otherwise your entry cannot be accepted. Address to—A. J. CALEY & SON, Ltd., Cracker Competition, J.B. Dept., NORWICH.

No correspondence whatever can be entered into, either during or after this Competition. All entries received, whether prizewinners or not, become the sole property of A. J. Caley & Son, Ltd., Norwich, and will not be returned to any competitor. It must be clearly understood that all competitors enter under these conditions, and that the decision of Messrs. A. J. Caley & Son, Ltd., is final. A complete list of Cash Prize Winners will be posted to all retailers of Caley's Crackers, for displaying on their premises and windows, commencing March 14th, 1926. No employees of the Firm of A. J. Caley & Son, Ltd., or their relatives, are eligible to compete.

Post your Attempt as early as possible to
A. J. CALEY & SON, Ltd., Cracker Competition, J.B. Dept., Norwich.



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GOLD FLAKE
CIGARETTES**

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Made entirely of Virginia Tobacco



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A Cruel Stigma—Love Turned to Hate—Sanctimonious Humbug



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YOU need not suffer a day longer with a cough or cold! Start taking Lobelline now. There is a cure in every bottle. Lobelline touches the tickle and allays the cough. A marvellous remedy for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis and all chest and lung complaints. Be sure to ask your chemist for:—

GEE'S LOBELLINE
The Great Lung Preserver

MARVELLOUS FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND ALL CHEST AND LUNG COMPLAINTS.

Bottle, 1/2, 3/-, 5/-, 10/-, 15/- and 20/-
OBTAINABLE AT ALL BRANCHES OF BOOTS, NEEDHAMS, QUIRES, & ALL CHEMISTS, OR POST FREE FROM (DEPT. J.B.) STIRCHLEY LABS., BIRMINGHAM.

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Licensed Chemists and
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PRICE 5/- LARGE SIZE

Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd.,
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"I AM in despair, for the husband on whom I have lavished all my love, seems doubly lost to me. Six years ago, when I was eighteen, I met a man who made ardent love to me. At first I feared him, for he was twelve years older than me, but he was persistent in his attentions, and at last my feelings towards him changed."

"After a time, he wrote me a letter, from which I should have taken warning, that I was setting my feet on a slippery path, but, in my infatuation, I was moved only to pity."

"He told me that he was already married, but was living apart from his wife, who wished to obtain evidence for a divorce."

"To put it briefly we provided the necessary evidence, and I hoped that he would be in a position to marry me before the child was born."

"I ran away from home in romantic fashion, and led my people to believe that I was happily married. The proceedings were delayed, however, and it was not until a second child had been born to us that a decree nisi was granted."

"WHEN my husband, as I regarded him, brought me the news, the tears ran down his cheeks, and he vowed that I should be his wife in very truth as soon as possible."

"Alas for my dreams of happiness! My husband, for so I still called him, became associated in his work with men of loose moral character, and he drifted away from me and never arranged the ceremony that would have made us legally one."

"Lately I have discovered that while I thought he was kept away by his work, my man has been courting a widow in another town, and in spite of his assurance of undying affection for me, has even promised her marriage."

"When he knew that I had found out his duplicity, he seemed to become transformed into another being. There was a terrible scene in which he raged about my 'confounded curiosity,' and since then he has neglected me, and failed to provide for my proper maintenance."

"LEFT to my own resources, I had to turn out and work for my children, and the widow, having learned that he is not legally married to me, has refused to give him up, though when I told her previously that he was mine, she said she would not steal him from me."

"To crown everything, he has now absconded from his work, in some financial difficulty, and even the widow is unaware of where he is hiding, though she believes he went to London. What can I do?"

"In spite of his faithlessness, I still love him, and my heart bleeds to think that he may be suffering poverty and loneliness when, if he would only return, matters could be set right with his firm, and I would endeavour to be a loyal wife to him, and help him through his troubles."

"HUMANIST" says:—The love of women for worthless men almost passes comprehension. I can only hope that your doubly lost husband may read this, and decide to return to you, and make amends for all the suffering he has caused you. You have no legal claim upon him, excepting as regards the maintenance of his children, but, unless he is utterly unworthy of a woman's devotion, he will lose no time in making you his wife in the eyes of the law, as he has done in the eyes of the world.

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"I a mother, was some time ago charged with a terrible crime of which I was ultimately acquitted. Even though I received the very best medical care and nursing that anyone could wish while I lay in the prison hospital, I was never able to forget the mental anguish I suffered, for while I was under remand my baby was born to me."

"I had hoped that no one outside my own family would ever know really how my child was brought into the world, but I find that strangers who pass me in the street whisper loudly enough for me to hear, 'That is Mrs. — with the baby that was born in prison.'"

"Is there nothing I can do to stop such slanders on myself and my innocent baby?"

"It seems horrible, after judge and jury have decided that I was worthy of an honourable acquittal, that people should go about talking of me as a criminal, and branding my baby with the stigma of prison birth."

"HUMANIST" says:—I am afraid you have no effective remedy, for if you took action, you would only draw more attention to the very circumstances which you wish to be forgotten. You have a clear conscience and can afford to smile and pass by.

"I AM a working man, with a wife and two daughters, aged eighteen and sixteen. My wife and I have always looked after them well."

"Now a dark cloud has blotted out the sunshine of our little home. I have discovered that the elder girl has come under the evil influence of a man many years her senior, and to our horror is about to become a mother. A little while ago I would have knocked down any man who suggested such a thing possible."

"The scoundrel responsible is a lazy, idle good-for-nothing. He has written asking my consent to marriage, saying he wants to play the man. As if such a beast could ever be called a man! I have refused, and placed my poor girl in a home through the kind assistance of a religious body. Do you not think I was right in refusing my consent?"

"HUMANIST" says:—Undoubtedly you were right. Your dreadful experience provides a complete answer to those people who consider that parental consent should be unnecessary where a child is about to be born. Unmarried motherhood is a lesser evil than such a travesty of marriage.

Applications pouring in for
JOHN BULL'S XMAS GIFT
Had yours yet?

See page 2

"I AM the second eldest son of a family comprised of five girls and three boys. My father died from that dreadful disease, cancer, complicated by other ailments, and, for many months before death brought him a happy release from his sufferings, we sons and daughters nursed him as tenderly as we could."

A Family of Hate

"We tried to keep from him the knowledge that his wife, our mother, was spending her time in the company of a man whom she had already decided should take his place after his death."

"A few months after he was borne to the grave, my mother married this man, and brought him to the house, and since then the family, which had always lived happily and affectionately together, has become transformed into a family of hate."

"They hate my mother for the way she treated my father before his death; they hate one another for the knowledge that none of them attempted to put a stop to her conduct, and they seem particularly to hate me because I was the first to discover what was going on."

"I have asked the rest of the family to bury the hatchet, so that we may be reunited, but they insist that I must be the first to forgive."

"I find it hard, however, to forgive them, knowing how they shielded my mother while my father lay dying."

"HUMANIST" says:—Do not let yourself be the last to forgive. If you can find it in your heart to forgive your mother, do so, in the hope that your brothers and sisters will follow your example, and that the terrible hatred which embitters all your lives may be turned once more to love.

Worthless Son

"For years I have struggled to make life easy for my eldest son, but he repays all my care by bringing fresh disgrace upon me. I have another boy growing up, whose prospects would be prejudiced by association with his brother, but though my heart still yearns over my firstborn, I am afraid any further efforts to help him would be useless."

"Humanist" says: A bad apple in a barrel will start all the others rotting, and I think your first consideration should be the welfare of your second son.

Hypocritical Excuse

"I find I shall soon become the mother of a child, and the father declares that, as a Roman Catholic, he cannot marry me, a divorced woman. What action can I take in the matter?"

"Humanist" says: The Roman Church does not approve of the marriage of divorced persons, but there is nothing to prevent your being made legally man and wife in a register office. It is contemptible of your lover to make religion an excuse for not marrying you. Ask for an affidavit order.

A Lie that Lives

"When I married, I understood that my wife was an orphan without any living relatives, but I have discovered that her parents are living, but are so disreputable that she does not wish to acknowledge them. My own parents have pitied her, and I wonder whether I should enlighten them."

"Humanist" says: What good could you do by telling them? So long as your wife is content with the present situation, it is surely better for you to keep the skeleton in the cupboard.

Skin-Soft and Smooth all Winter use **Snowfire** TABLET

No rough red hands or cracked lips when you use Snowfire Tablet. A rub of this every night keeps skin soft and smooth all winter. It's a soothing emollient, a perfect skin food, and the skin's best weather protection.



CHILDREN'S COLDS AND COUGHS

CURED LIKE ONE O'CLOCK.

A GRATEFUL MOTHER SAYS: "GALLOWAY'S" COUGH SYRUP IS A SPLENDID REMEDY.

Mrs. Eastwood, of 115, Thanet House, Thanet Street, King's Cross, W.C.1, writes:—I feel bound to say a few words in praise of your wonderful COUGH SYRUP. My little girl contracted a very bad cough and I thought she was in for a bad illness. A bottle of "GALLOWAY'S" relieved her at once, and in a week she was quite herself again. I shall recommend this splendid remedy whenever I can.

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"featherweight" Portables—in finest walnut, Honduras mahogany and solid golden oak—AT POUNDS BELOW RETAIL PRICES either for cash or credit. For 1/9 weekly you can obtain a No. 503 Hornless Gramophone with case in oak finish 16-in. wide, 8-in. high, extra loud ALUMINIUM sound box, bevelled doors, carved fretwork front with satin drapery, plush-covered 10-in. turn-table, richly-nickelled tone-arm,

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ON 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Money immediately refunded in full if you are dissatisfied.

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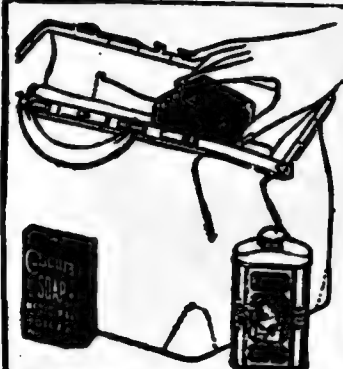
REMEMBER please, that 20/- buys a No. 515 De Luxe Floor Pedestal Gramophone in mahogany finish replete with cabinet 3-ft. 4-in. high, 21-in. wide, including record cupboard, sound modulating doors, aluminium sound box, double-spring motor, interior sound intensifier and every up-to-date device usually fitted to rival makes sold elsewhere for £25 15s. Credit terms for No. 516 model only 4/- weekly. Send NOW for the biggest and most sumptuously illustrated art catalogue ever issued.

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Advertiser's Announcement.

Who turned the handle of the door?

SHE gave a startled cry. "What's the matter?" he asked.

Notwithstanding the darkness of the shuttered room he saw her face on a sudden distraught with terror.

"Someone just tried the door."

"Well, perhaps it was the amah, or one of the boys."

"They never come at this time."

"Who else could it be?"

"Walter," she whispered, her lips trembling.

She slipped into a kimono and in her bare feet went over to her dressing-table. Her hair was shingled, and with a comb she repaired its disorder.

"How shall I get out?"

"You'd better wait a bit. I'll look out and see that it's all right."

"It can't possibly be Walter. He doesn't leave the laboratory till five."

A Woman's Fear.

They spoke in whispers now. She was quaking. She caught her breath and put her hand on his arm. He followed the direction of her glance. They stood facing the windows that led out on the verandah. They were shuttered and the shutters were bolted. They saw the white china knob of the handle slowly turn. Then, with the ghastliness of the supernatural, in the same stealthy and terrifying manner, they saw the white china knob of the handle at the other window turn also.

He stood by her side looking with fascinated gaze at the china knob. They did not speak. Then he saw that she was crying.

"For God's sake don't do that," he whispered irritably. "If we're in for it, we're in for it."

"Where's your topee?"

"I left it downstairs."

"Oh, my God!"

Was It Her Husband?

"I say, you must pull yourself together. It's a hundred to one it wasn't Walter. He never does come home in the middle of the day, does he?"

"Never."

"Look here, we can't stay here for ever," he said then. "Do you feel up to going out on the verandah and having a look?"

"Suppose he's waiting there?"

"That's not very likely. Have a little pluck, Kitty. How can it possibly be your husband? If he'd come and seen a strange topee in the hall and come upstairs and found your room locked, surely he would have made some sort of row? It must have been one of the servants."

She Slid Back the Bolt.

He must be right. She stood up and turning to him stretched out her arms; he took her in his and kissed her on the lips. It was such rapture that it was pain. She adored him. He released her and she went to the window. She slid back the bolt and opening the shutter a little looked out. There was not a soul. She went back to the bedroom and beckoned him.

This is the opening of W. Somerset Maugham's great story, "The Painted Veil," which starts in the Christmas number of *The Novel Magazine*, now on sale. Price 1/-.

Our Letter Parliament

Is The Church Shirking?

Look Nearer Home—A Case for Pity—The Tea Tax

Eloquent Silence

Your "Challenge to the Church" is magnificent. Its truth cannot be "challenged," and if it will not shame the cowardly masqueraders in the pulpits, their silence will be more "loudly" eloquent of their guilt. The true Christianity is largely outside the churches and spurns to enter them. If it did its fearlessness and sincerity would never be tolerated, and it would be "put outside."

—T. H. B., Norfolk.

Sermons that Bore

Your article denouncing the clergy who do not preach against war is admirable. But does not the average minister err in other ways, too? Why does he usually confine himself to some theological question, and Sunday after Sunday rigidly ignore the far more vital problems of ethics and conduct? How rarely does one hear a sermon on selfishness, greed or cruelty? How often we are bored by long-winded discourses on some minor Biblical point, which mean little or nothing to the average plain man or woman.—B., London.

The Church and the Sword

The article entitled "Our Challenge to the Church" has, without doubt, raised a dual question—"Is the Church becoming the mouthpiece of the State for war propaganda, or has it failed in its Divine mission to preach peace among men?" Never has the Church prospered when she has taken the sword herself, or called upon the State to take it, and when the Church recognises her Divine function to follow the "Prince of Peace," and to foster "good will" among all nations, only then will the Church fulfil her Divine purpose.—Maybole, Govan.

Practical Religion

The blundering of politicians and the apparent indifference of the Church to the teachings of Christ are factors which are not conducive to exterminate war. The clergy must come down to earth and encourage a religion that is essentially practical. "Playing the game" between individuals and nations, and of necessity cultivating the qualities of honesty in practice, mercy and humility, is, in my opinion, the interpretation of a concrete religion and one approved by the man in the street.—Stanley W. Bull, Epsom.

Clerical Callousness

Last year my little daughter died, and I frequently visit her grave. Recently whilst there I have seen burials taking place. After the brief service the chaplain walked away, without offering a word of comfort to the poor mourners. Surely God's minister might take the wife or mother by the hand and speak a cheering word on such an occasion? It seems to me that a great opportunity is allowed to pass.—S. H., Westminster.

Sins of Omission

From their cloistered security princes of the Church raise no voice against the wholesale murder of men, or the maiming and murdering of God's dumb creatures. From the hush of the cathedral no clarion voice comes to denounce the many evils now rampant. By their ignorant opposition to divorce law reform they encourage immorality. They murmur of God, but the Spirit of God is not in them. When they give spirited evidence of Christ's great humanity, then will they be of real help to a world crying out for Christian guidance.—Edward Chalk, Twickenham.

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter-Parliament."

The People's Faith

When so many pulpits were made recruiting platforms during the War, I always felt it was so much in opposition to the teaching of Christ that the Churches would suffer, and there is no doubt the people are losing faith in the Church today; but not in Christianity, for true Christian principles, if accepted, will solve all problems.—J. E., Newcastle.

The Christmas Message

During the War we looked in vain for some guidance from the Church on the command, "Thou shalt not kill," yet the Church offered none. The Churches are empty because we do not get the true inspiring guidance we are starving for. "Peace on earth, good will towards men." What excuse allows us to shoot a man down when Christmas brings those words to us?—Dinks, Bristol.

War against War

Your challenge to the Churches is timely. They stand or fall by their attitude towards war. To prove their sincerity to their Founder's creed, let them use their powerful organisation to preach a whole-hearted crusade against war from every pulpit, Sunday after Sunday, until the menace of war is no more. If they shirk their responsibility in this most vital matter any longer, the Church will quickly come to be regarded by ill-thinking men as merely "a whitened sepulchre."—One of the Victims, Edinburgh.

The Distant View

How often the archbishops and deans become concerned over the woes of other countries! If these gentlemen have any moral indignation to spare they might find an outlet for it within few yards of their own castles. Rotten houses are legion, and vice and poverty abound even in cathedral towns. Iraq is not worth the sacrifice of one British lad. If the reverend gentlemen think otherwise let them fight for Iraq themselves. They will get their jobs when they come back, which is more than many of the men got who fought for righteousness during the last war.—A. E., Durham.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"VIOLET MAGAZINE":—"Mary smiled AGAIN for the first time."

"EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH":—"Stir in a tablespoonful of CHOPPED pepper and a teaspoonful parsley."

"NORTHERN DAILY MAIL":—"A girl in Berlin who was KILLED by her fiancé has been compelled by the courts to PAY HIM DAMAGES."

"ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS":—"Nowhere in SCOTLAND was higher education more valued than in YORKSHIRE."

"SOUTH WALES ARGUS":—"The most exceptional SUITE of furniture is the drawing-room suite, made of Dresden CHINA."

"EXETER EXPRESS AND ECHO" (advert.):—"Wanted, NIGHT attendant, for old lady; no NIGHT work."

The Right Spirit

The inspiring article, "Is Death the End?" by "A Gentleman with a Duster," must commend itself to many. Written at so appropriate a time as Armistice week, it is bound to bear fruit. As one who has very genial feelings toward the Church, I have not found the Church dignitary who could impress me so much as this article has done. To those that give any thought to life at all there must surely appear to be too much of the spirit of superficiality, instead of which we require the spirit of humility.—A Reader, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The Street Sister

In "Lilies of the Pavement" Mabel Horner gives us a wonderful article. She is right. No woman seeks the life of the prostitute unless driven to it. We may notice cases of brazenness. We may note extremes of a revolting character in such women who have strayed from the path. Environment, broken hearts, black misery, to what depths cannot they plumb. Woman is essentially refined; it is Nature's gift to her. When she falls so low let us seek in our hearts for pity. We should not seek far!—A Mere Man, Carlisle.

The Best Memorial

The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy's article will find an echo in many hearts. It is a mockery indeed to read some such inscription on a monument as "They died that war might cease," and then to see that we, or some other country, are trying some new gas or high explosive shell. Much better use, too, could be made of the money that these memorials cost in feeding and clothing the survivors, for what better testimony could a regiment or civic body have than the knowledge that those who returned were well looked after.—G. Byron Prall, Ulster.

A Dangerous Quest

I am in possession of quite a number of letters sent to me by unknown girls living in the Old Country. It is obvious they desire to strike up a correspondence with the ultimate object of crossing the ocean. I always send a short reply, but the reply is a warning, showing these girls how dangerous it is to correspond with strangers in other lands. There are cases where girls have struck up such correspondence, came over, and will deeply regret it all their lives.—F. D., Ontario.

An Insurer's Thanks

On behalf of myself and family I wish to thank you for your wonderful gift, a cheque for £250. Although the horrible tragedy, which entered our home is unforgettable, your gift brings with it a heavenly touch in practical form. I shall look upon it as a sacred trust to be spent wisely for the benefit of my home and the children my wife loved so well. No words of mine can give your insurance scheme the praise it deserves, but for you to know you have brought gladness to a sad home is all you wish.—John Hart, Garndel Street, Bradford.

The Consumer Pays

A recent report states that the big tea companies made a profit of 35 per cent. in 1924. When 4d. per pound was taken off the tea tax, tea prices dropped that amount, for a time; then came two rises of 2d. per pound, so the consumer has not benefited. It appears, on the face of it, that the 4d. off the tax has gone to swell the dividends of the combines. The Food Council would do well to investigate and see that the public is not victimised by profiteers.—Housewife, Worcester.

Thinking about Christmas?



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Park, London, S.E.4.

Radio Talks.

The Future of Broadcasting

by Professor A. M. LOW, Fellow of the Radio Association

I NTEREST in the work of the forthcoming Broadcasting Committee is growing day by day. Many listeners-in are asking if there is any likelihood of the Government Post Office Department undertaking broadcasting in place of hiring out this work.

Such a result seems hardly probable, but the possibility need cause no alarm, for the work of any official station would probably be confined to the actual business of transmission. In any case, it will be necessary in the near future for the broadcaster to have a "say" in the choice of programmes.

No one who takes the trouble to think can possibly doubt the value of our present system. In one recent week £10,000 was spent upon programme production. For a subscription of 10s. per annum this takes some beating.

The result of radio as far as news is concerned may one day become the equivalent of an absolutely independent daily newspaper. Such an arrangement is not possible to-day under the regulations made for the transmission of news.

The recent "stunt" of broadcasting from an aeroplane seems singularly pointless. What does it matter whether music reaches us from an aeroplane, a travelling lorry, or a broadcast studio?

The net result is simply to demonstrate that wireless can give us any event which is taking place, and it is this property that we want to utilise.

I N quite a number of districts in England fees are being charged by local councils for permission to erect aerials.

This is bad enough, but when it comes to a landlord forbidding the use of an aerial, it is interference with a vengeance.

Those who live in flats and who cannot use outside aerials will find that a sausage aerial consisting of six wires about 15 ft. long will give good results if suspended away from damp walls and insulated.

The wires can be spread out into the sausage very conveniently by using three old gramophone records and drilling holes at the edge of each record equally spaced for the wires to pass through.

Old records make splendid insulators, but care must be taken when drilling as they are very liable to crack.

Q UITE a number of remarkable experiments are being carried out in connection with short-wave transmission, and those who are used to reading of wavelengths of hundreds of metres may be surprised to know that it is possible to transmit on waves of less than half a millimetre.

Another experiment which is making rapid headway in America is what is known as stereoscopic broadcasting.

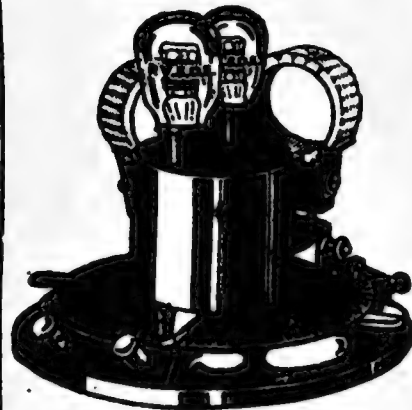
As the name implies, the idea is to give a natural background to the music, and it is accomplished by the use of two separate receiving systems each connected to a separate headphone on either ear.

The frequency with which new methods and new ideas are appearing in wireless is not only a proof of its absolute novelty, but should go far to demonstrate to the public that radio is a national asset.

Those who miss it for want of spending a one pound note, remind me of the saying that there are none so blind as those who will not see.

The Set for the Million

Low price and astounding Loud-Speaker reproduction make this "Compactum" Circular 2-Valve Receiver a most popular Set. The price of 11 gns. includes accessories and Loud Speaker—complete. Set ready for immediate use.



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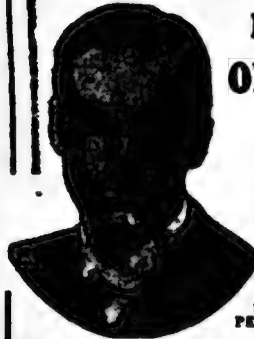
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THE FOOTBALL

ACCOUNTANT,

19, BRIDE LANE, E.C. 4.

Final Flings on the Flat

Confirmation for Manchester—The Jumping Campaign—Manna Limited—200 to 1 Dead Meat

NOBODY, except the jockeys, saw much of the Liverpool Cup, owing to the fog, and there was very little rejoicing on the part of backers when Donzelon won his first race for a couple of years. I hope the atmospheric conditions are better on Saturday, when the Manchester November Handicappers line up.

Race Abandoned!

I have sad memories of the race. In 1923 I had booked a nice wager at 40 to 1 Orpi. On the morning of the race he stood at eight, and I was shaking hands with myself. The race was abandoned owing to frost and fog.

Confirmation's Chance.

Saturday's race is very open, at the moment of writing I think Confirmation has an excellent chance. The gelding ran splendidly in the Cesarewitch and was well expected. There are no doubts about his staying powers whatever the nature of the going. In fact, the gelded son of Achtol is at his best over two miles.

The Jumping Campaign.

By the time my next notes appear the jumping season will be in full swing. I intend to give a list of a dozen to follow and, of course, I shall code my daily double. Last leaping season my code selections showed a profit of over thirty points, and if I equal this in 1925-26 I shall be quite satisfied. Some punters only like an occasional bet over the sticks and consequently follow a trainer. If you happen to be one of these cautious backers, with an unwholesome dread of seeing your money literally in the air, follow the fortunes of Frank Hartigan, particularly at the Southern park courses. Frank has trained well over a thousand winners under both codes and he is particularly hot at the jumping game.

Frank Hartigan

Manna, Limited.

The conversion of Manna, the Derby winner, into a limited liability company, caused a mild fluttering in racing circles, but there is nothing new in the idea. Old-timers could name a dozen or more famous racehorses which have been purchased by Argentine syndicates for the same purpose. It is a paying game, too. If I remember rightly, Tracery went abroad for £30,000, and at the stud he must have earned double this amount for his syndicate owners.

A Quaint Question.

My last mail-bag contained an interesting letter from a punter in which he asked, among other questions, what I would do if the curtain were just ascending on the season instead of descending. Naturally I answered: Retire after backing Manna for the Derby, Solaris for the Leger, and the playful double, Forseti and Masked Marvel. But, as a racing man never retires, I endeavoured to place myself in his position and gave him some more advice, most of which is applicable to the jumping season.

Cut Down your Bets.

First of all, I should decide on three or four bets a week—three or four a day lead to Queer Street. I should leave sprints severely alone, as they are more often than not won from the gate, and concentrate on races of a mile and over.

If I backed a stable's selected I should also back the same stable's neglected, or leave them both alone.

Whispered Tips and Wangles.

Whenever I received a whispered tip I should look for the wangle. Many a broadcast tip slips up, but the stable responsible for the so-called information gets home with a long-shot, or a neighbouring stable wins "their" race. I should purchase a French book of form.

FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

GRECIAN WAVE.—Follow this Irish 'chaser throughout the coming jumping season. Several good judges think he would have won the Grand Steton but for taking the wrong course.

HERALD recouped my code followers at Derby for their losses at Liverpool. Manna's half-brother is one to remember for next year.

With a run Vandriocourt is the best each-way bet for the Manchester November. The trouble will be to get a good jockey at 6st. 4 lbs.

Lord Glanely has sent his useful three-year-old, Treasurer, to T. Leader for the jumping game. I understand Sunderland is to follow. Both will pay to follow, particularly Sunderland.

Epilote was most unlucky to lose by a head to Nilok at Leicester. She is in the pink of condition if given another chance.

O. Bell likes to pick up a race or two at Manchester.

A Pastime, not a Business

Finally, as I have told thousands of JOHN BULL readers, I should treat racing as a pastime and not a business. Book-makers are on the increase. Just now some of them are very hoarse from shouting the odds, but they are letting out their waistcoats.

An Echo of the Cesarewitch

I have heard many weird stories of racing, but nothing to equal that of poor Serge Wadomski, the Franco-Russian trainer who took his own life after Transvaal II. had failed in the Cesarewitch. The most valuable asset he left for his creditors was his brain, for it seems that there was something abnormal about it that made it of value to scientists and they were willing to pay a big sum for it for research purposes. Fortunately some friends of the dead trainer intervened.

200 to 1 Dead Meat.

I see that some very kind layers are telling us we can have at least 200 to 1

against Gorey for the Grand National. I would not take as many millions to one about the chances of this Frenchman for I have a distinct recollection of telling you last year that the horse had been destroyed after an accident. Gorey's owner went to the trouble and expense of constructing on his own training ground a replica of the Aintree course, and was very upset at the loss of his 'chaser.

Something for Nothing.

Whilst on the subject of prices it is also interesting to note that £10,000 to 1 can be had for naming the winners of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire for 1926. The entry for these races is invariably in the neighbourhood of two hundred, and there are certain to be a large number of French horses of whom punters in this country have never heard. I think I will add five shillings to my pound and spend it on a couple of stalls at a pantomime. I shall get a better run for my money.

HANDICAPS.

(The Manchester November Handicap marks the end of the Flat.)

From Lincoln down to Manchester right through the season's races, there are a lot of handicaps to sadden punters' faces. In weather that is sunny, frosty, rainy, fine or foggy, the punter strives in vain to catch the handicapper groggy. For Fate protects the bookie, and there's rarely any doubt. That when a horse has been thrown in the punter gets thrown out. There are handicaps worth thousands and the ones where stakes are small. But not knowing which are "Triers" is the greatest of 'em all.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle, Mid-day Sporting Post, Western Mail, Glasgow Sun Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail.

2 A U H T E J C P X B 3 0 G

M L F R K Y N W I V S Z D Q

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be.

XLFOHPWDFHK would read VAUD RIGOURT.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, November 25, to Tuesday December 1.

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Aston Villa, Bolton, Newcastle Middlebrough, Portsmouth, Glasgow Rangers.

5 HOME.—Bolton, Leicester, Portsmouth, Preston, Hearts.

4 HOME.—Newcastle, Middlebrough, South Shields, Raith Rovers.

3 AWAY.—Huddersfield, Plymouth, Celtic.

3 DRAWS.—Liverpool v. Bury, Sheffield Wednesday v. Chelsea, Airdrie v. St. Mirren.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Newcastle, Middlebrough, South Shields, Huddersfield, Plymouth.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Bolton, Celtic, Notts. Co. v. Tottenham.

FORECASTS FOR DECEMBER 8.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Birmingham, Bury, Everton, Huddersfield, Manchester C., Sunderland.

GET

The Sporting Life
and Sportsman

For the last word on the
MANCHESTER NOVEMBER HANDICAP

AWAY WINNERS.—Bolton, Notts. Co. DRAWS.—Blackburn v. Liverpool, Tottenham v. Aston Villa, West Bromwich v. Newcastle.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, Blackpool, Chelsea, Derby, Hull, Port Vale, Stockport.

AWAY WINNERS.—Preston, Sheffield Wednesday.

DRAWS.—Bradford C. v. Portsmouth, Southampton v. South Shields.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Northern)

HOME WINNERS.—Aston, Barrow, Crewe, Doncaster, Lincoln, Southport, Wigan.

AWAY WINNERS.—Grimsby.

DRAWS.—Coventry v. Bradford, New Brighton v. Durham, Wrexham v. Chesterfield.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Southern)

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdare, Brentford, Brighton, Bristol C., Millwall, 17, month.

Southend, Watford.

AWAY WINNERS.—Swindon.

DRAWS.—Crystal Palace v. Newport, Northampton v. Reading.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Airdrie, Celtic, Hibernian, Motherwell, Queen's Park, St. Johnstone.

AWAY WINNERS.—Falkirk.

DRAWS.—Aberdeen v. Hearts, Dundee United v. Partick, Kilmarnock v. Glasgow Rangers.

GREATEST BEDDING BARGAIN IN THE WORLD

Including TWO Special FREE GIFTS To
All Customers For 2 Weeks Only.

"John Bull" readers need no introduction to the Universal Stores Advertisements. For the past 15 years we have advertised some of the greatest bargains ever offered by any firm in the land, and delighted tens of thousands of customers. We are now in the happy position to eclipse every bargain hitherto attempted, with an offer of all the following goods:—



ONE PAIR OF FIRST CLASS BLANKETS. Full double bed size. Whipped and bordered.

ONE SLENDING WHITE HONEYCOMB QUILT. Full double bed size. Knotted fringes.

ONE ALHAMBRA QUILT. In all newest colourings and designs. Full double bed size.

ONE PAIR OF HEMMED PILLOW CASES. Fine Long-cloth.

ONE HEMMED BOLSTER CASE. Fine Long-cloth.

The whole Bale consisting of a complete Bed Outfit and sold by us in thousands at the Bargain Price of 50/- are offered for 14 days at ONLY 40/- EACH, and every customer sending their order during this period will receive a very fine Bedroom Clock (perfect timekeeper) and also a Coloured Floral Design Bedroom Rug as Free Gifts.

You can always do with an extra clock for your mantel or dressing stand, and an extra rug is always useful for your bedside, for the fireside, or for the foot of the washstand, etc.

REMEMBER, the whole Bale of first-class goods, double bed size, for only 40/-, and 2 FREE GIFTS included extra.

Send your order without delay to make sure of this WONDERFUL BARGAIN.

Customers unable to send cash with order can secure these goods by sending a deposit, the balance can then be paid by instalments, when the goods will be sent.

If you are particular where you spend your hard-earned money, deal with an established firm, whose goods can be relied upon.

THE UNIVERSAL STORES, Ltd. Devonshire Street, ARDWINCK (Branch J.B.9, MANCHESTER)

(ESTABLISHED A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.)

Send for our Money-Saving Catalogue, which contains Hundreds of Household Bargains. A Magnificent Assortment of Goods from 6/- to 25.

Choose Yours from The Pick of the Best

MY FREE LISTS ONLY WANT SEEING and you will not buy elsewhere. Beautiful horn and hornless models in great variety at the lowest and easiest terms known. Small deposit gets any Model and Records ON 14 DAYS' APPROVAL! PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID, together with FIVE YEARS' GUARANTEE. Money refunded if dissatisfied. My Gramophones are the talk of the year. NOTHING so good and cheap offered, so send for FREE LISTS NOW.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST
GRAMOPHONE & RECORD DEALERS
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NEURITIS

and all

Nerve Pains

Almost crippled, but
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TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME,
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Nervous Breakdown Headache
Neuritis Anemia
Indigestion Fatigue
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Rheumatism Children's Weakness
Nerve Pains Wasting

Specialty valuable for Nursing Mothers and
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Mrs. Isobel Legg, 56, Credon Road, North Camberwell, London, S.E., says: "My trouble began with pain across my back and extended all down my left side and leg till I was almost crippled with it. It was frightful pain, and nothing I tried seemed any good. I was told it was neuritis, but I got no relief. My general health was very poor. Indeed, I was so ill and weak that I could hardly drag about to do my housework. But it was amazing how Dr. Cassell's Tablets helped me. Soon the pain was gone altogether, and since then I have been as well as ever."

Dr. Cassell's

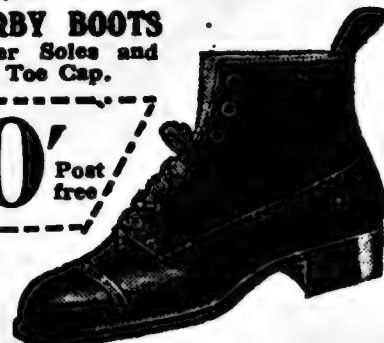
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RECORD BARGAIN OFFER

1,000 Pairs only, to clear, sizes 6 to 11's.

GENT'S FINE BOX CALF DERBY BOOTS
and SHOES, guaranteed All Leather Soles and
Leather Lined, with Patent Toe Cap.



10' Post free

Gent's Shoe, also in superior quality at 12/6, post free; or in Fine Glace Kid, with Patent Toe Cap, 14/6. Also in Brogue, Black or Tan, 14/6

Gent's Boot, in superior quality, at 12/6, post free, Black or Tan. Also in Fine Glace Kid, with Patent Toe Cap, at 15/9, post free.



9/6 post free

LADIES' ONE BAR PATENT SHOE, All Leather Sole, finest finish and workmanship, 9/6 post free.

MANY OTHER MODELS IN LADIES
GENTS GIRLS & BOYS FOOTWEAR

CATALOGUE

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COMPARE OUR PRICES

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THE UNITED ASSOCIATION OF BOOT MANUFACTURERS,

Chief Offices: Dept. J.B. 327, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

John Bull Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.



THERE are many varieties of sharks in the sea; there are as many kinds on the land. In both cases they are eager to devour. Our Free Advice Service gives counsel in every conceivable difficulty; but dealing with sharks is our speciality. If you have been unfortunate enough to have been bitten by some kind of shark, send particulars with stamped addressed envelope.

V. S. (Hove).—"I'm very simple." So we thought.
S. W. (March).—"Will Christmas be wet or fine?" Yes.

J. R. (Morpeth).—"Three cheers—I've got a wireless set!" Hooradio!

O. K. (Lewes).—"I seldom feel ill." You shouldn't with those initials.

E. H. (Hackney).—"My landlord is a nuisance." A regular nuisance, we suppose.

WINNIE (Braintree).—"There is no cure anywhere for my broken heart." Try splicing.

T. T. (Lancaster).—"Walking prolongs life." But only so long as you keep off the roads.

W. M. (Nuneaton).—"Some M.P.s sit quietly and think." Whilst others just sit quietly.

J. N. (Egham).—"I've a rattling new car." From your description we can guess the make.

P. H. (Cardiff).—"The poor don't enjoy feather beds." There's no soft down for the hard up.

BUL-BUL (Leeds).—"Most judges are men of few words." They often put a lot in one sentence.

W. T. (Cambridge).—"I am going to Llanfradrefellogfreacan." So you'll be away for a long spell.

B. L. (Oxford).—"Some of our magistrates are rather impatient." They'll give you time if it's necessary.

J. J. (Wembley).—"He wanted me to put all my money in a rotten toffee factory." That was a sweet idea.

Mrs. G. (Hammersmith).—"I say silence is golden." Except in a telephone-box where you have to pay two-pence for it.

M. G. (Pontypridd).—"I drink in every word you write." Pleased to hear you have such a consuming passion for us.

M. G. T. (Rotherham).—"How many people work in your office?" Judging from a swift look round about one in every three.

Mrs. S. (Deal).—"I like a man to sing at his work, whatever it is." It wouldn't be very flattering in the case of an undertaker.

EVA (Thatcham).—"He's annoyed with me because I can't swim." Better learn, and then you'll be able to go off at the deep end, too.

L. G. D. (Margate).—"I read your last leader without being a bit wiser." That's more than probable, but at least you were better informed.

Mrs. W. (Altrincham).—"Everybody can find some body glad to see them." That will cheer our tax collector immensely when we tell him.

Mrs. H. (Ravenscourt).—"A woman angler has caught a conger weighing 27 lb." That's nothing. Many a woman angler catches a man weighing half as many stone.

B. M. (Loughborough).—"I had a chicken which lived for eleven years. Is it a record?" Our secretary thinks not, judging from the one his landlady served up last Sunday.

L. P. D. (Hampstead).—"I am convinced that one day I shall be numbered among your regular contributors." It is a real pleasure to hear from such an incorrigible optician.

S. L. (Colchester).—"I do as I think." Lazybones!

B. T. (Bilsworth).—"Some piano-teachers are just swindlers." Sharps after flats.

F. T. (Homerton).—"What is the secret of successful comic singing?" Comic singing.

V. B. (Dorchester).—"Did you get my last letter?" Yes, but unfortunately it wasn't.

E. B. F. (Chepstow).—"My mind's in a whirl." Your letter is certainly the dizzy limit.

E. J. (Denham).—"He's stolen all my ideas." We wondered where they'd got to.

P. C. (Luton).—"He has very animated features." But can he make his ears waggle?

B. B. (Lechlade).—"I passed your office the other day." We were too busy to wave.

N. Y. (Belper).—"I practically live on fresh fruit." We've had a fresh date every day for years.

P. M. (London, S.E.).—"Political parties should hang together." It seems rather a drastic punishment.

L. N. B. (Wembley).—"I'm on the right road to success." But don't dawdle or trouble will overtake you.

H. N. (Highgate).—"I'm fond of tripe for breakfast." We can guess the name of your morning newspaper.

B. A. (Margate).—"I don't believe in christening cakes." Nor do we. It's much best to christen the babies.

T. N. (Hornsey).—"I don't get much time for reading books." Why not utilise the time you spend in writing letters?

G. N. (Willesden).—"Women are really very hardy creatures." Yes, it's surprising how few die from over-exposure.

J. C. (Darwen).—"Christmas is coming and prices are going up with a jump." Bullets prizes have made a record leap—£1,500 and 2,024 cash prizes are offered this week.

D. M. (Alford).—"I am studying the Government methods of dealing with unemployment." That won't take you long.

L. G. (Torquay).—"The climate is soft and balmy here all the year round." Judging by your letter it's gone to your head.

ADA (Walsall).—"Although of a shy, retiring nature, he gave a man two black eyes for annoying me." He seems rather bashful.

C. R. (Manchester).—"I'm always going in for your competitions, but I'm never winning." Even if you were winning, it would make no difference to our judges. They're quite impervious.

Simple Rules for Razors

THOSE who are qualifying for their Free 10s. 6d. Razor Set this week are asked to observe the following simple conditions in order to facilitate prompt despatch:—

1. Where a "John Bull" reader has introduced a friend both his own and his friend's Gift Vouchers must be sent in together to "John Bull" in the same envelope. Do not send in separately. Do not enclose any correspondence.
2. Both your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers must be properly completed before either of you is qualified for your Gift.
3. Be sure to enclose correct amount to cover postage, packing and insurance of sets to your respective addresses—10s. 6d. for your own set and 6d. for your friend's set, making one shilling in all. Cross P.O.s "and Co.", and make payable to "John Bull."

PERCY B. (Peplow).—"I'm not ashamed of my ideas." You've certainly nothing to be ashamed of.

"HONEST" (Amphill).—"Speaking the truth carries no penalty." Whereas libel makes you liable.

M. B. (Southend).—"I shall leave everything in the hands of my solicitors." They'd probably get it anyway.

F. A. (Bristol).—"My husband is a professor, and terribly old-fashioned." What, won't he get his hair bobbed?

"FASHION-PLATE" (W. 1).—"Sables are going to be all the rage." Particularly among husbands, we reckon.

A. T. (Ely).—"I wonder what the future has in store for me." It depends on what you are storing up for the future.

T. H. (Mansfield).—"Does the Foreign Secretary get a good salary?" Oh, yes. He's been on peace work lately.

B. S. (Birmingham).—"At the present time there seems to be no peace, no prosperity and no enterprise." And No-venture.

P. H. (Lincoln).—"Our butcher has done so well that he is turning his business into a company." A joint-stock affair, of course?

B. D. G. (Oxford).—"I refused to pay for the suit and now the tailor threatens me with a summons." That will mean a lawsuit for you.

JAMES D. (Eastbourne).—"Scientists have never yet told us what causes the flight of time." Probably urged on by the spur of the moment!

SUSIE (Earl's Court).—"My brother has married an actress and an awfully nice girl, too." Bigamy! What are you going to do about it?

JOYCE (Manchester).—"There's a small house here which changed hands for a song." Did you frighten away the first tenants with your singing?

JULIE S. (Oxford).—"The jeweller guaranteed my watch to last a lifetime, but it is already out of order." You might have known its hours were numbered.

S. K. D. (Chelsea).—"Most present-day novelists seem to hold very democratic opinions." But not one of them has ever suggested doing without royalties.

Mrs. E. (Landore).—"Marriage is often horrible different from the imaginings of courting couples. Just as a nightmare often comes at the end of a perfect day-dream.

S. T. (Bayswater).—"My wife saw me talking to a girl and has taken a snapshot." So now you are awaiting developments.

E. B. B. (Croydon).—"Wealth does not always bring happiness." No, but it provides the most agreeable form of misery.

J. L. (Bickley).—"Thank you! I know my own mind." It was very thoughtless of you not to give us an introduction as well.

RICHARD D. (Wimbledon).—"I could fill a book with all I know about motors." And what you don't know would fill a hospital.

G. T. (Parkstone).—"Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Lloyd George have much in common." We consider there's a Radical difference between them.

CLARA E. (Aylesbury).—"My maid is honest, but she will look through keyholes." Presumably she's careful to keep her eye on things.

D. L. B. (Bude).—"I wonder if Elizabethan people were more excitable than people to-day?" Yes, they frequently lost their heads.

G. F. R. (Cardiff).—"When I am singing, people stand outside in the street to listen." They probably think there's been an accident.

G. D. (Buxton).—"Your paper isn't fit for an idiot to read." Sorry, but we cannot oblige you by publishing one that is.

Mrs. ELLEN C. (Doncaster).—"Women can do every bit as well as men." And better when it comes to the scratch.

J. Y. (Shrewsbury).—"He has cut me out with a girl I cared for—and I thought he was my friend." Perhaps he is.

L. S. T. (Swansea).—"Many things in this world are just here to try us." Tut, tut. Our learned judges will not like being called "things."

B. D. (Bullth).—"I am a builder who for two years hasn't done a stroke of work." If we had our way you should be sent to the scaffold at once.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Advertiser's Announcement.

Company Meeting.

ANSELLS BREWERY, Ltd.,
BIRMINGHAM.

The 24th annual meeting of the shareholders of Ansell's Brewery, Limited, was held at the Queen's Hotel, Birmingham, on Thursday, November 19th, under the presidency of Mr. J. A. Fairhurst, chairman of the directors.

The Secretary read the notice convening the meeting, and the Auditors their certificate.

The Chairman said before saying anything with regard to the report and balance sheet he must with great regret apologise for the absence of their late chairman, Mr. Edward Ansell, whose health did not permit of him being present.

It was his (the Chairman's) privilege to propose the following resolution in support of the report and balance sheet:—

"That the report and accounts be received and adopted, and that the following dividends be paid, viz.: At the rate of 5 per cent. per annum (less Income-tax) on the preference shares, and at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, making 13½ per cent. for the year, together with a bonus of 2½ per cent. on the ordinary shares (both free of Income-tax) for the half-year ended September 30th, 1925."

"I consider myself extremely fortunate," continued the Chairman, "to preside on this occasion, which marks a record in our trading accounts, which is accounted for by the fact that the article we manufacture is popular with the public, and has resulted in increased output this year at our own houses as well as Rushtons, which business we recently acquired. As we are all aware, increased output is the aim of all commercial undertakings. I should like, and I am sure my co-directors would wish me, to pay some tribute to the excellent work of our managing director, Mr. Thomas Ansell, whose business capabilities and sound judgment have done much to achieve the result we have arrived at."

With regard to the balance-sheet, the Chairman said his remarks must of necessity refer more particularly to the interests of the debenture holders and preference shareholders, as this is more or less a private company in view of the fact that the whole of the ordinary shares are privately held.

Last year he was able to say that the profits were sufficient to pay the debenture interest ten times over, and after paying that interest there was sufficient to pay preference dividends eight times. "This year I am pleased to say we can pay each of them ten times over, and in addition to that we are carrying forward £27,000 more than we did last year."

Turning to the liquid assets, the Chairman said there was an important and very satisfactory item of £335,000 cash in hand and at the bank, and in addition investments amounting to £52,000, of which £10,000 was Birmingham Corporation stock.

Taking the whole of the liquid assets together, cash in hand, stocks, debtors, and loans on security and investments, they arrived at a total of £808,000, which left a good balance over the item of £737,000 creditors and credit balances on the debit side.

Mr. Thomas Ansell formally seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. J. Timings proposed the re-election of Mr. H. P. Rushton as a director, and said he supposed the absence of shareholders there were only four present—indicated that there was nothing to complain about. All the directors had done their work exceedingly well, and the balance-sheet was a very good one.

Mr. C. Bemand seconded, and the resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr. Rushton thanked the shareholders for his re-election, and said it had given him very great pleasure to be still connected with the trade, especially through Messrs. Ansell. He was glad to know that the transaction had turned out so satisfactorily.

Messrs. Fisher, Randle and Fisher were selected auditors of the company.

Mr. James Evans, J.P., proposed, and Mr. Timings seconded, a vote of thanks to the chairman and directors.

Mr. Fairhurst, in reply, said they were doing their best to grapple with the difficulties which arose, and he would like to state that opportunity of thanking the staff and the employees for the loyal support which had been given during the past year, and was always given.



SINGING

AND VOICE TRAINING

for ALL.

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which has been arranged and compiled by
FOSTER RICHARDSON, R.A.M.

the famous Operatic Vocalist, in conjunction with numerous other prominent male and female professors of singing and voice production, is a revelation, and contains the Secrets of Voice Production Practised by the World's Greatest Singers.

It is recommended by such eminent Musical Authorities and Singers as
SIR THOMAS BEECHAM

the world-renowned Operatic Producer, who says: "The System is as simple as it is sound," and also by Edna Thurston, Madame Tolly Davis, Norman Allen, Percy Pott, William Heston, Frank Webster, Professor Topsy Thomas and others.

Every man, woman, girl or boy who is able to speak can learn to sing correctly because everyone has a Voice which can be developed properly by this wonderful system. It will teach you to use your vocal organs properly and naturally, and to sing with proper phrasing and breath control. Whether you are an Amateur or a Professional, a Soloist or a Chorister, or even if you have never previously tried to sing, you can learn to improve your voice because in this Course

—THE WORLD'S MASTER SINGERS' SECRETS ARE REVEALED.—

If you have any doubt as to your ability to sing, we will gladly give you personal advice and arrange for

A FREE TRIAL OF YOUR VOICE

by one of our Professors at our well-appointed Vocal Studios if you desire it. Use the coupon below and we will send you our deeply interesting book, "The Magic Power of the Voice," and our first lesson on Voice Production, by which you can test the practical value and simplicity of our Method at your leisure in your own home.



AND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

It will be the first step to the development and improvement of your singing and the acquiring of an accomplishment which can be made a source of profit as well as of social success.

READ WHAT MISS EDNA THURSTON the eminent Contralto, writing from the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, says:—"Your singing course of lessons, coupled with your original method, so simple and direct in my opinion, not only brings within the reach of everyone the advantage of real professional tuition, but does so in such an understandable and easy way, that everyone's voice could be improved were it but universally adopted."

To the Manager, THE WESTMINSTER CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, 3-6, Alfred Place, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

I enclose herewith P.O. for One Shilling for which please send me, without further obligation, your book entitled "The Magic Power of the Voice," and the first lesson of your Course on Singing and Voice Production, it being understood that I may have a free voice trial at your Vocal Studio if I desire it.

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ADDRESS
(Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts are marked—**TESTED**—in the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy our selves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final. **ODDAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."**

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The only Shaving Cream in stick form!

Shaving Cream lathers quickly, but a shaving stick is clean, neat and easy to handle. So Pears made a shaving stick of solidified cream. Ivostrip is fault-proof. All the advantages of the best shaving stick and shaving cream have been combined and improved—all their shortcomings eliminated. Your first shave with Ivostrip will show you a world of difference

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50 PRIZES OF £10 **10 PRIZES OF £5** **100 PRIZES OF £1**

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500 PRIZES OF 5/- **10,000 TARGET PRIZES** **1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6**

2,025 CASH PRIZES!

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Choose any of the Examples printed then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the Example chosen. EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: Example:—THE MIDDLE CLASSES; Bullet:—VERY SILENT—VERY SOUND. Example:—THE DOLE; Bullet:—FEEDS MAN—STARVES MANHOOD. Example:—HAPPY FAMILY; Bullet:—"BROOD" WHO DON'T. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

Address Coupons to—"Bullets" No. 584, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN. You can help us by posting early, but all "Bullets" entered in time receive the same careful adjudication.

SPECIAL NEWSPAPER PRIZES.

Coupons for £10, £5 and £2 respectively will be sold to the Newspapers from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 584 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 584.

FATHER CHRISTMAS
GLASSING THE AIR
WHAT THE TRAMP
COOKING (SAID
GROWN SHE WAS
SLEVER
GROWN YOUTH
WHAT BABY CAN DO
GROWN BLESSING
AFTER THE PARTY
GUARD AT THE DOOR

SECOND DATE
WITHOUT A MAN
WHEN SHE CRIES
FOUL PLAY
IF HE'S A POOL
FLYING VISIT
OUT OF ORDER
GROWN INSTANT
ALL SHE SAID
WHAT IS A
PEDESTALIAN?

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 584 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed to "Bullets" No. 584, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 584.

TO NEW COMPETITORS.

Though you may never have entered for Bullets before, remember that hundreds of Bullets prize-winners have scored with a first attempt. There is no reason why a well-thought-out effort should not bring you a substantial Christmas-box from amongst the 2,025 cash prizes offered this week.

When making your Bullets, beware of hastily applying to an Example any time-worn phrase or ready-made joke which it may call to mind. A new idea, freshly phrased, is what is wanted. Weigh your words carefully, for £1,500 may depend upon them.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 584.

BETTER WORLD
PRESENT I WANT
OUR GOVERNMENT
HEARD IN HOSPITAL
UNCLE SAM
MODERN EVE
RUSSIAN BOOTS
DELIVERING THE GOODS
A NEW MAN
RED TIE
WHEN WE ALL FLY
ABROAD
IN EASY STREET
WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN
MAGIC WAND
A LOVE STORY
WHAT THE POSTMAN SAID
ON SUNDAY
HOME FOR ME
AT CHRISTMAS
LETTER FROM HER
VILLAGE POLICEMAN
THING THAT MATTERS
NO FOOL
WHISPERED TO ME
FLOWER OF YOUTH
THANKS TO BABY
NATURALLY
HEART OF GOLD
OUR TURKEY
CLOSE SHAVE
WHAT HE TOLD HER
SCARGE
DOGS OF WAR
IF I WASN'T MARRIED
HER HAIR
FATHER'S MISTAKE
SOON
DOING NOTHING
WHAT IS WEALTH?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what is the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 10.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(584) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 10.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(584) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 10.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(584) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 10.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(584) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Address _____

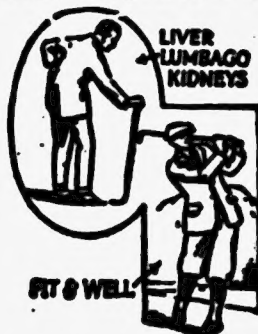
If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Result of "Bullets" No. 581 (2,000 Guineas Offer) wil' appear in next week's issue.

Yeast is life!

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets. A Lightning Pick-me-up.

IRVING'S Yeast-Vite TABLETS will relieve
Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes
Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes.
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes.
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes.
Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours.



HEADACHE, NEURALGIA
ETC IN 5 MINUTES.



DIZZINESS, DEPRESSION, ETC.
IN 10-15 MINUTES



IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES,
"Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

The greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty bottle and we will refund your money immediately.
£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received nearly 30,000 letters from satisfied users, in less than two years which are open to inspection.

26410—I do not hesitate to recommend them to my patients and the results are quite wonderful. I am taking them myself and feel years younger than I did a week ago!

26110—Dr. T. V. N.: I am not guilty of the slightest exaggeration when I tell you that the results from Yeast-Vite were simply astonishing. Severe cases of Asthenia (general weakness). Kindly send supplies to the four hospitals mentioned herewith.

26111—Mr. B., S.R.N., C.S., M.M.G.: "Up to the present Yeast-Vite tablets have never failed. I have given them in cases where all other remedies failed. Many of my patients would not be without them."

17013—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (in voice to me), as I want him to take the treatment."

26298—Dr. P.: "I and the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."

25333—I thought you might be interested in results of my tests. Two influenza cases quickly cured. Tom, 104, brought to normal in 12 hours. Several headache patients—pain disappeared almost instantly. 21804—Mother was so run down, nervous and depressed following the death of father, and an attack of influenza left her in a collapsed state with neuralgia. The effect of the very first box of Yeast-Vite was simply marvellous.

25336—I have suffered for years with anæmia, nerves and terrible coughs. Thanks to Yeast-Vite this is the first winter for years that I have not been laid up. I am afraid to be without them.

25335—For 15 years I have suffered terribly with my head and had to give up work. On recommendation I tried Yeast-Vite and am now back at work, and never felt better.

25741—I shall feel eternally grateful to you for enabling me to regain my health and I shall never be without Yeast-Vite in the house. I recommended them to six friends last week.

21007—Suffering with nerves and general run-down conditions, I tried lots of medicines without relief. I tried Yeast-Vite, and can assure you that I feel 100 per cent. better.

21113—A matron of the Girls' Training Homes: I have found the tablets efficacious. I have also tested them thoroughly myself, and have been surprised to prove them to be such a real "lightning pick-me-up." I shall always have them by me in future.

21224—I was miserable, irritable and nervous, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am better in every way. Please publish this, and let the public know how much good they have done me.

22273—Nurse A. L.: I was ready to go into hospital for gastric ulcer. The pain nearly drove me mad. Medicine made it worse, but Yeast-Vite stopped the pain in less than 10 minutes! They are perfectly wonderful! I recommend them to everybody!

Caution.—Avoid rank imitations which have no therapeutic value and are unstamped. Genuine Irving's "Yeast-Vite" tablets are always sealed with Government stamp.

Send postcard for free treatise on Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc.

LAST DAYS!

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

Time is flying by and there are not many days left in which you can get tickets for this great little Ballot. The last day is Saturday, December 5th. There will not be any postponements.

Look at your watch now and do not let yourself be beaten by the sands of time. Letters applying for tickets must bear a postmark not later than MIDNIGHT, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5th.

Once having got your tickets you have until the 15th December to think out your solution and send it in. DO IT NOW—HE WHO HESITATES IS LOST. Go to the post office NOW and get your postal order before they are sold out. Then fill in the coupon below and post it at once and just think how happy you would be if you could!

WIN £1,000 for ONE BOB SILVER BALLOT

IN AID OF WORCESTER COLLEGE FOR THE BLIND
(Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920)

WHICH CLOSES IN A FEW DAYS.

£2,500 CASH MUST BE WON.

THE PRIZE MONEY IS ON DEPOSIT WITH THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK, LTD., 25, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.1.

1st PRIZE	2nd PRIZE	3rd PRIZE
£1,000	£500	£200

AND 300 OTHER CASH PRIZES.

Remember that all applications for tickets must bear a postmark not later than MIDNIGHT, December 5th, otherwise they will be too late.

TICKETS 1/- EACH, 6 for 5/-

Post this Coupon
To-day.

To the Hon. Treasurer,
SILVER BALLOT, Palace Chambers, Westminster, S.W.1.

Please send me.....Tickets for the Silver Ballot, for which I enclose.....AND STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

J.B. 7

Tickets also obtainable from
the Army & Navy Stores.